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*THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL.*<sup>1</sup>

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CHAPTER IX.

ON the same afternoon which saw the last meeting of the Commission of Inquiry at Markborough, the windows of Miss Puttenham's cottage in Upcote Minor were open to the garden, and the sun stealing into the half-darkened drawing-room touched all the many signs it contained of a woman's refinement and a woman's tastes. The room was a little austere. Not many books, but those clearly the friends and not the passing acquaintance of its mistress; not many pictures, and those rather slight suggestions on the dim blue walls than finished performances; a few 'notes' in colour, or black and white, chosen from one or other of those moderns who can in a sensitive line or two convey the beauty or the harshness of nature. Over the mantelpiece there was a pencil drawing, by Domenichino, of the Madonna and Child; a certain ecstatic languor in the Madonna, and, in all the lines of form and drapery, an exquisite flow and roundness.

The little maidservant brought in the afternoon letters and with them a folded newspaper—the Markborough 'Post.' A close observer might have detected that it had been already opened, and hurriedly refolded in the old folds. There was much interest felt in Upcote Minor in the inquest held on John Broad's mother; and the kitchen had taken toll before the paper reached the drawing-room.

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As though the maid's movement downstairs had been immediately perceived by a listening ear overhead, there was a quick sound of footsteps. Miss Puttenham ran downstairs, took the letters and the newspaper from the hands of the girl, and closed the door behind her.

She opened the paper with eagerness, and read the account. The newspaper dropped to the ground. She stood a moment, leaning against the mantelpiece, every feature in her face expressing the concentration of thought which held her; then she dropped into a chair, and, raising her two hands to her eyes, she pressed the shut lids close; lifting her face as though to some unseen misery, while a little sound—infinately piteous—escaped her.

She saw a bedroom in a foreign inn—a vague form in the bed—a woman moving about in nurse's dress, the same woman who had just died in John Broad's cottage—and her sister Edith sitting by the fire. The door leading to the passage is ajar, and she is watching . . . Or is it the figure in the bed that is watching?—a figure marred by illness and pain? Through the door comes hastily a form—a man. With his entrance, movement and life, like a rush of mountain air, come into the ugly shaded room. He is tall, with a long face, refined and yet violent, instinct with the character and the pride of an old hectoring race. He comes to the bed, kneels down, and the figure there throws itself on his breast. There is a sound of bitter sobbing, of low words.—

Alice Puttenham's hands dropped from her face—and lay outstretched upon her knee. She sat, staring before her, unconscious of the garden outside, or of the passage of time. In some ways, she was possessed of more beauty at thirty-seven than she had been at twenty. And yet from childhood her face had been a winning one—with its childish upper lip and its thin oval, its delicate brunette colour, and the lovely clearness of its brown eyes. In youth its timid sweetness had been constantly touched with laughter. Now it shrank from you and appealed to you in one. But the departure of youth had but emphasised a certain distinction, a certain quality. Laughter was gone, but grace and character remained. Imprinted also on the fragile body, the beautiful arms and hands. The only marring of the general impression came from an effect of restlessness and constraint. To live with Alice Puttenham was to conceive her as a creature subtly ill at ease; doing her best with a life which was, in some hidden way, injured at the core.

She thought herself quite alone this quiet afternoon, and likely to remain so. Hester, who had been lunching with her, had gone shopping into Markborough with the schoolroom maid, and was afterwards to meet Sarah and Lulu at a garden-party in the Cathedral Close. Lady Fox-Wilton had just left her sister's house after a long, querulous, excited visit. How could it be her—Alice's fault, that Judith Sabin had come home in this sudden mysterious way? Yet the event had re-opened all the old wounds in Edith's mind, revived all the old grievances and terrors. Strange that a woman should be capable of one supreme act of help and devotion, and should then spend her whole after-life in resenting it!

'It was you and your story—that shocking thing we had to do for you—that have spoilt my life—and my husband's. Ralph never got over it—and I never shall. And it will all come out—some day—it must!—and then what 'll be the good of all we've suffered!'

That was Edith's attitude,—the attitude of a small vindictive soul. It never varied year by year; it showed itself both in trifles and on great occasions; it poisoned all sisterly affection; and it was at the root of her conduct towards Hester; it had indeed made Hester what she was.

Again the same low sound of helpless pain broke from Alice Pottenham's lips. The sense of her unloved, solitary state, of all that she had borne and must still bear, roused in her anew a flame of memory. Torch-like it ran through the past, till she was shaken with anguish and revolt. She had been loved once! It had brought her to what the world calls shame. She only knew, at moments of strong re-action or self-assertion like the present, that she had once had a man at her feet who had been the desired and adored of his day; that she had breathed her heart out in the passion of youth on his breast; that although he had wronged her, he had suffered because of her, had broken his heart for her; and had died, in truth, because circumstances denied him the power to save and restore her, and he was not of the kind that bears patiently either thwarting from without or reproach from within.

For his selfish passion, his weakness and his suffering, and her own woman's power to make him suffer; for his death, no less selfish indeed than his passion, for it had taken from her the community of the same air and the same earth with him, the sense that somewhere in the world his warm life beat with hers, though they might be separated in bodily presence for ever:—for each and all of these things she had loved him. And there were still times

when, in spite of the years that had passed away, and of other, and perhaps profounder feelings that had supervened, she felt within her again the wild call of her early love ; responding to it like an unhappy child, in vain appeal against her solitude, her sister's unkindness, and the pressure of irrevocable and unforgotten facts.

Suddenly, she turned towards a tall and narrow chest of drawers that stood at her left hand. She chose a key from her watch-chain, a small gold key that in their childhood had been generally mistaken by her nieces and nephews for one of the bunch of charms they were allowed to play with on ' Aunt Alsie's ' lap. With it she unlocked a drawer within her reach. Her hand slipped in ; she threw a hasty look round her, at the window, the garden. Not a sound of anything but the evening wind, which had just risen, and was making a smart rustling among the shrubs just outside. Her hand, a white, furtive thing, withdrew itself, and in it lay a packet, wrapped in some faded green velvet. Hurriedly—with yet more pauses to listen and to look—the wrapping was undone ; the case within fell open.

It contained a miniature portrait of a man—French work, by an excellent pupil of Meissonier. The detail of it was marvellous ; so, in Alice Puttenham's view, was the likeness. She remembered when and how it had been commissioned ; the artist, and his bare studio in a street on the Island, near Notre Dame ; the chestnuts in the Luxembourg garden ; the dust of their falling blossoms, and the children playing in the alleys. And through it all, what passionate, guilty happiness—what dull sense of things irreparable !—what deliberate shutting out of the future !

It was as good a likeness as the Abbey picture, only more literal, less ' arranged.' The Abbey picture, also by a French artist, of another school, was younger, and had a fine, romantic, René-like charm. ' René ' had been her laughing name for him—her handsome, melancholy, eloquent *poseur* ! Like many of his family, he was proud of his French culture, his French accent, and his knowledge of French books. The tradition that came originally from a French marriage had been kept up from father to son. They were not a learned or an industrious race ; but their tongue soon caught the accent of the Boulevards,—of the Paris they loved and frequented.

Her hand lifted the miniature, the better to catch the slanting light.

As she did so, she was freshly struck with a resemblance she had



long ceased to be conscious of. Familiarity with a living face, as so often happens, had destroyed for her its likeness—likeness in difference—to a face of the dead. But to-night she saw it; was indeed arrested by it.

‘And yet Richard was never one-tenth as good-looking!’

The portrait was set in pearls, and at the foot was an inscription in blue enamel—

‘*A ma mie!*’

But before she could see it, she must with her cold quick fingers remove the fragment of stained paper that lay upon it. It was a half-page of Molière—turned down—like that famous page of Shelley’s Sophocles; and stained with sea-water, as that was stained.

She raised the picture to her lips and kissed it—not with passion—but clingingly, as though it represented her only wealth, amid so much poverty. Then her hand, holding it, dropped to her knee again; the other hand came to close over it; and her eyes shut. Tears came slowly through the lashes.

Amazing!—that that woman should have come back—and died—within a few hundred yards, and she, Alice, know nothing! In spite of the Rector’s note, she tortured herself with the thought of the interview between Judith and Mr. Barron. What could they have talked about—so long? Judith was always an excitable, hot-tempered creature. Her silence had been heavily and efficiently bought for fifteen years. Then steps had been taken—insisted upon—by Sir Ralph Fox-Wilton. His wife and his sister-in-law had opposed him in vain. And Ralph had after all triumphed in Judith’s apparent acquiescence.

Supposing she had now come home, perhaps on a sudden impulse, with a view to further blackmail, would not her wisest move be to risk some indiscretion, some partial disclosure, so that her renewed silence afterwards might have the higher price? An hour’s *tête-à-tête* with that shrewd, hard-souled man, Henry Barron! Alice Puttenham guessed that her own long-established dislike of him as acquaintance and neighbour was probably returned with interest; that he classed her now as one of ‘Meynell’s lot’; and would be only too glad to find himself possessed of any secret information that might, through her, annoy and harass Richard Meynell, her friend and counsellor.

Was it conceivable that nothing should have been said in that lengthy interview as to the causes for Judith’s coming home?—or

of the reasons for her original departure ? What else could have accounted for so prolonged a conversation between two persons, so different in social grade, and absolute strangers to each other ?

Richard had told her that at the inquest Barron had apparently accounted for the conversation. 'She gave me a curious history of her life in the States. I was interested by her strange personality—and touched by her physical condition.'

Richard had indeed insisted, almost angrily, that there was no reasonable cause for alarm. But Richard was always the consoler—the optimist—where she was concerned. Could she have lived at all—if it had not been so ?

And then, for the second time, the rush of feeling rose, welling up, not from the springs of the past, but from the deepest sources of the present.

*Richard !—*

That little villa on the Cap Martin—the steep pathway to it—and Richard mounting it, with that pale look, those tattered sea-stained leaves in his hand—and the tragedy that had to be told, in his eyes, and on his lips. Could any other human being have upheld her as he did through that first year—through the years after ? Was it not to him that she owed everything that had been recovered from the wreck ; the independence and freedom of her daily life ; protection from her hard brother-in-law, and from her sister's reproaches ; occupation—hope—the gradual healing of intolerable wounds—the gradual awakening of a spiritual being ?

Thus—after passion !—she had known friendship ; its tenderness, its disinterested affection and care.

*Tenderness ?* Her hand dashed away some more impetuous tears ; then locked itself in the other, the tension of the muscles answering to the inward effort for self-control. Thank God, she had never asked him for more ; had often seemed indeed to ask him for much less ; had made herself irresponsive, difficult, remote. At least she had never lost her dignity in his eyes—(ah ! in whose eyes but his had she ever possessed it ?)—she had never forfeited—never risked even—her sacred place in his life, as the soul he had helped through dark places, true servant as he was of the Master of Pity.

The alarm of the day faded, as this emotion gained upon her. She bethought her of certain central and critical years, when, after long dependence on him as comrade and friend, suddenly, she knew not how, her own pulse had quickened, and the sharpest struggle of

her life had come upon her. It was the crisis of the mature woman, as compared with that of the innocent and ignorant girl; and in the silent mastering of it she seemed to have parted with her youth.

But she had never parted with self-control and self-respect. She had never persuaded herself that the false was true. She had kept her counsel, and her sanity. And the wage of it had not been denied her. She had emerged more worthy of his friendship, more capable of rewarding it.

Yes, but with a clear and sad perception of the necessities laid upon her—of the sacrifices involved.

He believed her—she knew it—indifferent to the great cause of religious change and reform which he had at heart. In these matters, indeed, she had quietly, unwaveringly held aloof. There are efforts and endurances that can only be maintained—up to a point. Beyond that point resistance breaks. The life that is fighting emotion must not run too many risks of emotion. At the root of half the religious movements of the world lies the appeal of the preacher and the prophet—to women. Because women are the creatures and channels of feeling; and feeling is to religion as air to life.

But *she*—must starve feeling—not feed and cherish it. Richard's voice was too powerful with her already. To hear it dealing with the most intimate and touching things of the soul, would have tested the resistance of her will too sorely. Courage and honour alike told her that she would be defeated and undone did she attempt to meet and follow him—openly—in the paths of religion. *Entbehren sollst du—sollst entbehren!*

So, long before this date, she had chosen her line of action. She took no part in the movement; and she rarely set foot in the village church, which was close to her gates. Meynell sadly believed her unshakable—one of the natural agnostics or pessimists of the world who cannot be comforted through religion.

And meanwhile secretly, ardently, she tracked all the footsteps of his thoughts; reading what he read; thinking as far as possible what he thought; and revealing nothing.

Except that, lately, she had been indiscreet sometimes in talk with Mary Elsmere. Mary had divined her—had expressed her astonishment that her friend should declare herself and her sympathies so little; and Alice had set up some sort of halting explanation.

But in this nascent friendship it was not Mary alone who had made discoveries. . . .

Alice Puttenham sat very still, in the quiet shadowy room, her eyes closed, her hands crossed over the miniature,—the Markborough paper lying on the floor beside her. As the first activity of memory, stirred and goaded by an untoward event, lost its poignancy; as she tried in obedience to Meynell to put away her terrors with regard to the past, her thoughts converged ever more intensely on the present,—on herself—and Mary. . . .

There was in the world, indeed, another personality rarely or never absent from Alice Puttenham's consciousness. One face, one problem, more or less acutely realised, haunted her life continuously. But this afternoon they had, for the moment, receded into the background. Hester had been, surely, more reasonable, more affectionate lately. Philip Meryon had left Sandford; and Hester had even shewn some kindness to poor Stephen. She had declared her willingness to go to Paris; and the arrangements were all made. The crisis in her of angry revolt, provoked apparently by the refusal of her guardian to allow her engagement to Stephen, seemed to be over.

So that for once Alice Puttenham was free to think and feel for her own life and what concerned it. From the events connected with Judith Sabin's death,—through the long history of Meynell's goodness to her,—the mind of this lonely woman travelled on, to be filled and arrested by the great new fact of the present. She had made a new friend. And at the same moment she had found in her—at last—the rival with whom her own knowledge of life had threatened her these many years. A rival so sweet—so unwitting! Alice had read her. She had not yet read herself.

Alice opened her eyes—to the quiet room, and the windy sky outside. She was very pale, but there were no tears. 'It is not renouncing'—she whispered to herself—'for I never possessed. It is accepting—loving—giving—all one has to give.'

And vaguely there ran through her mind immortal words—*'good measure—pressed down, and running over.'*

A smile trembled on her lip. She closed her eyes again, lost in one of those spiritual passions accessible only to those who know the play and heat of the spiritual war. The wind was blowing briskly outside, and from the wood-shed in the back garden came

a sound of sawing. Miss Puttenham did not hear a footstep approaching on the grass outside.

Hester paused at the window—smiling. There was wildness—triumph in her look ; as though for her this quiet afternoon had seen some undisclosed adventure. Her cheek was hotly flushed, her loosened hair made a glory in the evening sun. Youth, selfishly pitiless,—youth, the supplanter and destroyer—stood embodied in the beautiful creature looking down upon Alice Puttenham, on the still intensity of the plaintive face, the closed eyes, the hands holding the miniature—

Mischievously the girl came closer. She took the stillness before her for sleep.

‘ Auntie !—Aunt Alsie ! ’

With a start, Alice Puttenham sprang up. The miniature dropped from her hands to the floor, opening as it fell. Hester looked at it, astonished ; and her hand stooped for it, before Miss Puttenham had perceived her loss.

‘ Were you asleep, Aunt Alsie ? ’ she asked, wondering ; ‘ I got tired of that stupid party—and I—well, I just slipped away ’—the clear high voice had grown conscious—‘ and I looked in here, because I left a book behind me. Auntie !—who is it ? ’ She bent eagerly over the miniature, holding it to the light.

Miss Puttenham’s face had faded to a grey-white.

‘ Give it to me, Hester ! ’ She held out her hand imperiously.

‘ Mayn’t I know even who it is ? ’ asked Hester, as she unwillingly returned it. In the act, she caught the inscription and her face kindled.

Impetuously throwing herself down beside Miss Puttenham, the girl looked up at her with an expression half mockery, half sweetness ; while Alice with unsteady fingers, replaced the case, and locked the drawer.

‘ What an awfully handsome fellow ! ’ said Hester, in a low voice. ‘ Won’t you tell me, Auntie—? ’

‘ Tell you what ? ’

‘ Who he was—and why I never saw it before ? I thought I knew all your things by heart—and now you’ve been keeping something from me ! ’—The girl’s tone had changed to one of curious resentment.—‘ You know how you scold *me*, when you think I’ve got a secret.’

‘That is quite different, Hester.’

Miss Puttenham tried to rise, but Hester, who was leaning against her knee, prevented it.

‘Why is it different?’ she said, audaciously. ‘You always say you—you—want to be everything to me—and then you hide things from me—and I—’

She raised herself, sitting upright on the floor, her hands round her knees; and spoke with extraordinary animation and sparkling eyes.

‘Why I should have loved you twice as much, Aunt Alice—and you know I *do* love you!—if you’d told me more about yourself. The people I care about are the people who *live*—and feel—and do things! There’s a verse in one of your books’—she pointed to a little bookshelf of poets on a table near—‘I always think of it, when Mamma reads the “Christian Year” to us on Sunday evenings—

‘Out of dangers, dreams, disasters,  
We arise, to be your masters!’

We—the people who want to know, and feel, and *fight*! We who loathe all the humdrum *bourgeois* talk—“don’t do this—don’t do that!” Aunt Alsie, there’s a German line, too, you know it—“*Was uns alle bündigt, das Gemeine*”—don’t you hate it too—*das Gemeine*!—the word came with vehemence through the white teeth—‘And how can we escape it—we women!—except through freedom—through asserting ourselves—through love, of course! It all comes to love!—love that Mamma says one ought not to talk about. I wouldn’t talk about it, if it only meant what it means to Sarah and Lulu—I’d scorn to!’

She stopped—and looked with her blazing and wonderful eyes at her companion—her lips parted. Then she suddenly stooped and kissed the cold hand trying to withdraw itself from hers.

‘Who was he, dear?’—she laid the hand caressingly against her cheek—‘I’m good at secrets!’

Alice Puttenham wrenched herself free, and rose tottering to her feet.

‘He is dead, Hester—and you mustn’t speak of it to me—or anyone—again.’

She leant against the mantelpiece trying to recover herself—but in vain.

‘I’m rather faint,’ she said at last, putting out a groping hand.—No, don’t come!—I’m all right—I’ll go upstairs and rest. I got over-tired this morning.’

And she went feebly towards the door.

Hester looked after her, panting and wounded. Aunt Alsie repel—refuse her!—Aunt Alsie!—who had always been her special possession and chattel. It had been taken for granted in the family, year after year, that if no one else was devoted to Hester, Aunt Alsie's devotion, at least, never failed. Hester's clothes were Miss Puttenham's special care; it was for Hester that she stitched and embroidered. Hester was to inherit her jewels and her money. In all Hester's scrapes it was Aunt Alice who stood by her,—who had often carried her off bodily out of reach of the family anger, to the Lakes—once even, to Italy.

And from her childhood Hester had coolly taken it all for granted, had never been specially grateful, or much more amenable to counsels from Aunt Alice than from anybody else. The slender graceful woman, so gentle, plaintive, and reserved, so easily tyrannised over, had never seemed to mean much to her. Yet now, as she stood looking at the door through which Miss Puttenham had disappeared, the girl was conscious of a profound and passionate sense of grievance; and of something deeper, beneath it. The sensation that held her was new, and unbearable.

Then in a moment her temperament turned pain into anger. She ran to the window, and down the steps into the garden.

'If she had told me'—she said to herself with the childish fury that mingled in her with older and maturer things,—'I might have told *her*. Now—I fend for myself!'

## CHAPTER X.

MEANWHILE, in the room upstairs, Alice Puttenham, lying with her face pressed against the back of the chair into which she had feebly dropped, heard Hester run down the steps, tried to call, or rise, and could not. Since the death of Judith Sabin she had had little or no sleep, and much less food than usual, with—all the while—the pressure of a vague corrosive terror on nerve and brain. The shock of that miniature in Hester's hands had just turned the scale; endurance had given way.

The quick footsteps receded. Yet she could do nothing to arrest them. Her mind floated in darkness.

Presently out of the darkness emerged a sound, a touch—a warm hand on hers.



'Dear—dear Miss Puttenham!'

'Yes.'

Her voice seemed to herself a sigh—the faintest—from a great distance.

'The servants said you were here. Ellen came up to knock, and you did not hear. I was afraid you were ill—so I came in—you'll forgive me.'

'Thank you.'

Silence for a while. Mary brought cold water, chafed her friend's hands, and rendered all the services that women in such straits know how to lavish on a sufferer. Gradually Alice mastered herself, but more than a broken word or two still seemed beyond her, and Mary waited in patience. She was well aware that some trouble of a nature unknown to her had been weighing on Miss Puttenham for a week or more; and she realised too, instinctively, that she would get no light upon it.

Presently there was a knock at the door, and Mary went to open it. The servant whispered, and she returned at once.

'Mr. Meynell is here,' she said, hesitating. 'You will let me send him away?'

Alice Puttenham opened her eyes.

'I can't see him. But please—give him some tea. He'll have walked—from Markborough.'

Mary prepared to obey.

'I'll come back afterwards.'

Alice roused herself further.

'No—there is the meeting afterwards. You said you were going.'

'I'd rather come back to you.'

'No, dear—no. I'm—I'm better alone. Good-night, kind angel. It's nothing'—she raised herself in the chair—'only bad nights! I'll go to bed—that'll be best. Go down—give him tea. And Mrs. Flaxman's going with you?'

'No. Mother said she wished to go,' said Mary, slowly. 'She and I were to meet in the village.'

Alice nodded feebly.

'Just time. The meeting is at seven.'

Then with a sudden movement—'Hester!—is she gone?'

'I met her and the maid—in the village—as I came in.'

A silence—till Alice roused herself again: 'Go, dear, don't miss the meeting. I—I want you to be there. Good-night.'

And she gently pushed the girl from her, putting up her pale lips to be kissed, and asking that the little parlourmaid should be sent to help her undress.

Mary went unwillingly. She gave Miss Puttenham's message to the maid, and when the girl had gone up to her mistress, she lingered a moment at the foot of the stairs, her hands lightly clasped on her breast, as though to quiet the life within.

Meynell, expecting to see the lady of the house, could not restrain the start of surprise and joy with which he turned towards the incomer. He took her hand in his—pressing it involuntarily. But it slipped away; and Mary explained with her soft composure why she was there alone; that Miss Puttenham was suffering from a succession of bad nights and was keeping her room; that she sent word the Rector must rest a little before going home, and allow Mary to give him tea.

Meynell sank obediently into a chair by the open window, and Mary ministered to him. The lines of his strong worn face relaxed. His look returned to her again and again, wistfully, involuntarily; yet not so as to cause her embarrassment.

She was dressed in some thin grey stuff that singularly became her; and with the grey dress, she wore a collar or ruffle of soft white that gave it a slight ascetic touch. But the tumbling red-gold of the hair, the frank dignity of expression, belonged to no mere cloistered maid.

Meynell heard the news of Miss Puttenham's collapse with a sigh—checked at birth. He asked few questions about it; so Mary reflected afterwards. He would come in again on the morrow, he said, to inquire for her. Then, with some abruptness, he asked whether Hester had been much seen at the cottage during the preceding week.

Mary reported that she had been in and out as usual, and seemed reconciled to the prospect of Paris.

'Are you—is Miss Puttenham sure that she hasn't still been meeting that man?'

Mary turned a startled look upon him.

'I thought he had gone away?'

'There may be a stratagem in that. I have been keeping what watch I could—but at this time—what use am I?'

The Rector threw himself back wearily in his chair, his hands behind his head. Mary was conscious of some deep throb of

feeling that must not come to words. Even since she had known it the face had grown older—the lines deeper—the eyes finer. She stooped forward a little.

‘It is hard that you should have this anxiety too. Oh! but I *hope* there is no need!’

He raised himself again with energy.

‘There is always need with Hester. Oh! don’t suppose I have forgotten her! I have written to that fellow, my cousin. I went, indeed, to see him the day before yesterday, but the servants at Sandford declared he had gone to town, and they were packing up to follow. Lady Fox-Wilton and Miss Alice here have been keeping a close eye on Hester herself, I know; but if she chose, she could elude us all!’

‘She couldn’t give such pain—such trouble!’ cried Mary indignantly.

The Rector shook his head sadly. Then he looked at his companion.

‘Has she made a friend of you? I wish she would.’

‘Oh! she doesn’t take any account of me,’ said Mary, laughing. ‘She is quite kind to me—she tells me when she thinks my frock is hideous—or my hat’s impossible—or she corrects my French accent. She is quite kind, but she would no more think of taking advice from me than from the sofa-cushion.’

Meynell shrugged his shoulders.

‘She has no bump of respect—never had!’ and he began to give a half-humorous account of the troubles and storms of Hester’s bringing-up. ‘I often ask myself whether we haven’t all—whether I, in particular, haven’t been a first-class bungler and blunderer all through with regard to Hester. Did we choose the wrong governesses? They seemed most estimable people. Did we thwart her unnecessarily? I can’t remember a time when she didn’t have everything she wanted!’

‘She didn’t get on very well with her father?’ suggested Mary timidly.

Meynell made a sudden movement, and did not answer for a moment.

‘Sir Ralph and she were always at cross-purposes,’ he said at last. ‘But he was kind to her—according to his lights; and—he said some very sound and touching things to me about her—on his death-bed.’

There was a short silence. Meynell had covered his eyes with

his hand. Mary was at a loss how to continue the conversation, when he resumed—

‘I wonder if you will understand how strangely this anxiety weighs upon me—just now.’

‘Just now?’

‘Here am I preaching to others,’ he said slowly, ‘leading what people call a religious movement, and this homely elementary task seems to be all going wrong. I don’t seem to be able to protect this child confided to me.’

‘Oh, but you will protect her!’ cried Mary, ‘you will! She mayn’t seem to give way—when you talk to her; but she has said things to me—to my mother too—’

‘That show her heart isn’t all adamant? Well, well!—you’re a comforter, but—’

‘I mean that she knows—I’m sure she does—what you’ve done for her—how you’ve cared for her,’ said Mary, stammering a little.

‘I have done nothing but my plainest, simplest duty. I have made innumerable mistakes; and if I fail with her, it’s quite clear that I’m not fit to teach or lead anybody!’

The words were spoken with an impatient emphasis to which Mary did not venture a reply. But she could not restrain an expression in her grey eyes which was as balm to the harassed combatant beside her.

They said no more of Hester. Mary’s hunger for news of the Reform Movement could not be hid. It was clear she read everything she could on the subject, and fed upon it in a loneliness, and under a constraint, which touched Meynell profoundly. The conflict in her between a spiritual heredity—the heredity of her father’s message—and her tender love for her mother, had never been so plain to him. Yet he could not feel that he was abetting any disloyalty in allowing the conversation. She was mature. Her mind had its own rights!

So the craving in her led him on—once again—as it had done on their first meeting. He was presently describing the sitting of the Commission, and the scene in the cathedral library at which he had just been present. He drew for her the portrait of Dornal, with great delicacy and a generous humility; determined, she thought, to do even more than justice to one so near and yet so far from himself. His natural hot temper, however, emerged in his sketch of the Professor:

'Those are the men who know everything there is to be known—but they will not enter the Kingdom themselves, and those that are entering in they hinder!—men who have the language of a new truth on their lips, and the betrayal of it in their hand. And none of the Roman excuses for it either! The English Church has no Curia. A little ordinary courage!—and at least we hold the position,—even if for years to come the battle remain undecided—if, perhaps, in any final sense, it be never decided.'

'But it goes forward!' said Mary, her eyes kindling.

As she spoke, the temporary removal of the bonds under which her life was habitually passed, lent—without her knowing it—a peculiar energy to her voice and expression. Something within revealed itself.

'Aye, indeed!—it goes forward!' said Meynell eagerly, gazing at her in delight. And shaking off his fatigue under the charm of the girl's refined and noble personality, he drew out for her the progress of the campaign,—its astonishing development—the kindling on all sides of the dry bones of English religion.

The new—or re-written—Liturgy of the Reform was, it seemed, almost completed. From all parts—from the Universities; from cathedral cloisters; from quiet country parishes; from the clash of life in the great towns—men had emerged, as though by magic, to bring to the making of it their learning and their piety, the stored passion of their hearts. And the mere common impulse, the mere release of thoughts and aspirations so long repressed, had brought about an extraordinary harmony, a victorious selflessness, among the members of the Commission charged with the task. The work had gone with rapidity, yet with sureness; as in those early years of Christianity, which saw so rich and marvellous an upgrowth from the old soil of humanity. With surprising ease and spontaneity the old had passed over into the new; just as in the first hundred years after Christ's death the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs of the later Judaism had become, with but slight change, the psalms and hymns of Christianity; and a new sacred literature had flowered on the stock of the old.

'To-night—here!—we submit the new marriage service and the new burial service to the Church Council. And the same thing will be happening, at the same moment, in all the churches of the Reform—scattered through England.'

'How many churches now?' she asked, with a quickened breath.

‘Eighteen in July—this week, more than a hundred.’

But in his aspect, as he spoke, there was no trace of any mere triumph in success ; and the emotion which it momentarily betrayed was instantly replaced by the practical note of the organiser, as he went on to describe some of the developments of the preceding weeks—the founding of a newspaper—the collection of propagandist funds—the enrolment of teachers and missionaries, in connexion with each Modernist church. Yet, at the end of it all, feeling broke through again.

‘They have been wonderful weeks!—*wonderful*! Which of us could have hoped to see the spread of such a force in the dusty modern world! You remember the fairy story of the prince whose heart was bound with iron bands—and how, one by one, the bands give way? I have seen it like that—in life after life.’

‘And the fighting?’

She had propped her face on her hands, and her eyes, with their eager sympathy, their changing lights, rained influence on the man beside her ; an influence insensibly mingling with, and colouring the passion for ideas which held them both in its grip.

‘—Has been hot—will be of course infinitely hotter still! But yet, again and again, with one’s very foes, one grasps hands. They seem to feel with us “the common wave”—to be touched by it—touched by our hope. It is as though we had made them realise at last how starved, how shut out, we have been—we, half the thinking nation!—for so long!’

‘Don’t—don’t be too confident!’ she entreated. ‘Aren’t you— isn’t it natural you should miscalculate the forces against you? Oh! they are so strong! and—and so noble.’

She drew in her breath ; and he understood her.

‘Strong indeed,’ he said gravely. ‘But——’

Then a smile broke in.

‘Have I been boasting? You see some signs of swelled head? Perhaps you are right. Now let me tell you what the other side are doing. That chastens one! There is a conference of Bishops next week; there was one a week ago. The English Church Union has an Albert Hall meeting; it will be magnificent. A “League of the Trinity” has started against us, and will soon be campaigning all over England. The orthodox newspapers are all in full cry. Meanwhile the Bishops are only waiting for the decision of my case—the test case—in the lower Court to take us all by detachments. Every case, of course, will go to the Supreme Court—the Privy

Council. A hundred cases—that will take time! Meanwhile—from us—a monster petition—first to the Bishops for the assembling of a full Council of the English Church; then to Parliament for radical changes in the conditions of membership of the Church, clerical and lay.'

Mary drew in her breath.

'You *can't* win! you *can't* win!'

And he saw in her clear eyes her sorrow for him, and her horror of the conflict before him.

'That,' he said quietly, 'is nothing to us. We are but soldiers under command.'

He rose; and, suddenly, she realised with a fluttering heart how empty that room would be when he was gone. He held out his hand to her.

'I must go and prepare what I have to say to-night. The Church Council consists of about thirty people—two-thirds of them will be miners.'

'How is it *possible* that they can understand you?' she asked him, wondering.

'You forget that half of them I have taught from their childhood. They are my spiritual brothers, or sons—picked men—the leaders of their fellows—far better Christians than I. I wish you could see them—and hear them.' He looked at her a little wistfully.

'I am coming,' she said, looking down.

His start of pleasure was very evident.

'I am glad,' he said simply; 'I want you to know these men.'

'And my mother is coming with me.'

Her voice was constrained. Meynell felt a natural surprise. He paused an instant, and then said with gentle emphasis—

'I don't think there will be anything to wound her. At any rate, there will be nothing new—or strange—to *her*—in what is said to-night.'

'Oh, no!' Then, after a moment's awkwardness, she said, 'We shall soon be going away.'

His face changed.

'Going away? I thought you would be here for the winter!'

'No. Mother is so much better; we are going to our little house in the Lakes; in Long Whindale. We came here because mother was ill—and Aunt Rose begged us. But——'

'Do you know'—he interrupted her, impetuously,—'that for six months I've had a hunger for just one fortnight—up there among the fells.'



'You love them?' Her face flushed. 'You know the mountains?'

He smiled.

'It doesn't do to think of them, does it?'

'You should see the letters on my table! But I may have to take a few days' rest, sometime. Should I find you in Long Whindale—if I dropped down on you—over Goat Scar?'

'Yes—from December till March. Do come!' Then she checked herself. 'I needn't warn you that it rains.'

'Doesn't it rain! And everybody pretends it doesn't. The lies one tells!'

She laughed.

They stood looking at each other. An atmosphere seemed to have sprung up round them in which every tone and movement had suddenly become magnified—significant.

Then Meynell recovered himself. He stepped back from her, conscious of a stab of self-reproach, and held out his hand.

But he had scarcely reached the door before she made a startled movement towards the open window.

'What is that?'

There was a sound of shouting and running in the street outside. A crowd seemed to be approaching. Meynell ran out into the garden to listen. By this time the noise had grown considerably, and he thought he distinguished his own name among the cries.

'Something has happened at the colliery!' he said to Mary, who had followed him.

And he hurried towards the gate, bare-headed, just as a grey-haired lady in black entered the garden.

'Mother!' cried Mary, in amazement.

Catharine Elsmere paused—one moment; she looked from her daughter to Meynell. Then she hurried to the Rector.

'You are wanted'—she said, struggling to get her breath. 'A terrible thing has happened. They think four lives have been lost—some accident to the cage—and people blame the man in charge. They've got him shut up in the colliery office—and declare they'll kill him. The crowd looks dangerous—and there are very few police. I heard you were here—some one, the postman—saw you come in. You must stop it. The people will listen to you.'

Her fine pale face, framed in her widow's veil, did not so much ask as command. He replied by a gesture; then by two or three

rapid inquiries. Mary—bewildered—saw them for an instant as allies and equals, each recognising the other. Then Meynell ran to the gate, and was at once swallowed up in the moving groups which had gathered there and seemed to carry him back with them towards the colliery.

Catharine Elsmere turned to follow—Mary at her side. Mary looked at her in anxiety, dreading the physical strain for one, of late, so frail.

‘Mother darling!—ought you?’

Catharine took no heed whatever of the question.

‘It is the women who are so terrible,’ she said in a low voice, as they hurried on; ‘their faces were like wild beasts’. They have telephoned to Cradock for police. If Mr. Meynell can keep them in check for half an hour, there may be hope.’

They ran on, swept along by the fringe of the crowd till they reached the top of a gentle descent at the farther end of the village. At the bottom of this hill lay the colliery, with its two huge chimneys, its shed and engine houses, its winding machinery, and its heaps of refuse. Within the enclosure, from the height where they stood, could be seen a thin line of police surrounding a small shed—the pay-office. On the steps of it stood the Manager; and the Rector, to be recognised by his long coat and his bare head, had just joined him. Opposite to the police, and separated from the shed by about ten yards and a wooden paling, was a threatening and vociferating mob, which stretched densely across the road and up the hill on either side; a mob largely composed of women—dishevelled, furious women—their white faces gleaming amid the coal-blackened forms of the miners.

‘They’ll have ’im out,’ said a woman in front of Mary Elsmere. ‘Oh, my God!—they’ll have ’im out! It was he caused the death of the boy—yo mind ’im—young Jimmy Ragg—a month sen; though the crowner’s jury did let ’im off, more shame to them! And now they say as how he signalled for ’em to bring up the men from the Albert Pit, afore he’d made sure as the cage in the Victory pit was clear!’

‘Explain to me, please,’ said Mary, touching the woman’s arm.

Half a dozen turned eagerly upon her.

‘Why, you see, Miss, as the two cages is like buckets in a well—the yan goes down, as the other cooms up. An’ there’s catches as yo mun knock away to let ’un go down—An’ this banksman—ee’s a

devil!—he niver so much as walked across to the other shaft to see—and there was the catches fast,—and instead o' goin' down, there was the cage stuck, and the rope uncoilin' itsel', and fallin' off the drum,—and foul in' the other rope—And then all of a sudden, just as them poor fellows wor nearin' top,—the drum began to work t' other way—run backards, you unnerstan?—and the engineman lost 'is head and niver thowt to put on t' breaks—and —oh! Lord save us!—whether they was drownt at t' bottom i' the sump, or killt afore they got there—their's no one knows yet. They're gotten of 'em up now.'

As she spoke, a great shout which became a groan ran through the crowd. Men climbed up the railings at the side of the road that they might see better. Women stood on tiptoe. A confused clamour came from below, and in the colliery yard there could be seen a gruesome sight—four stretchers, borne by colliers, their burdens covered from view. Beside them were groups of women and children, and in front of them the crowd made way. Up the hill they came, a great wail preceding and surrounding them; behind them the murmurs of an ungovernable indignation.

As the procession neared them Mary saw a grey-haired woman throw up her arm, and heard her cry out in a voice harsh and hideous with excitement—

'Let 'im as murdered them pay for 't! What's t' good o' crowner's juries?—Let's settle it oursels!'

Deep murmurs answered her.

'And it's this same Jenkins,' said another fierce voice, 'as had a sight to do wi' bringing them blacklegs down here, in the strike, last autumn. He's been a great man sense, has Jenkins, wi' the masters,—but he shan't murder our husbinds and sons for us, while he's loafin' round an' playin' the lord—not he! Have they got un safe?'

'Aye, he's in the pay-house safe enoof,' shouted another—a man. 'An' if them as is defendin' of 'un won't give 'un oop, there's ways o' makin' them.'

The procession of the dead approached—all the men baring their heads, and the women wailing. In front came a piteous group—a young half-fainting wife, supported by an older woman with children clinging to her skirts. Catharine went forward, and lifted a baby of two that was being dragged along the ground. Mary took up another child, and they both joined the procession.

As they did so, there was a shout from below.

Mary, white as her dress, asked an elderly miner beside her, who had shown no excitement whatever, to tell her what had happened. He clambered up on the bank to look, and came back to her.

'They've beaten 'un back, Miss,' he said in her ear. 'They've got the surface men to help, and Muster Meynell, he's doing his best; if there's anybody can hold 'em, he can; but there's terrible few on 'em. It is time as the Cradock men came up. They'll be trying fire before long, an' the women is like devils.'

On went the procession into the village, leaving the fight behind them. In Mary's heart, as she was pushed and pressed onward, burnt the memory of Meynell on the steps—speaking, gesticulating—and the surging crowd in front of him.

There was that to do, however, which deadened fear. In the main street the procession was met by hurrying doctors and nurses. For those broken bodies indeed—young men in their prime—nothing could be done, save to straighten the poor limbs, to wash the coal-dust from the strong faces, and cover all with the white linen of death. But the living—the crushed, stricken living—taxed every energy of heart and mind. Catharine, recognised at once by the doctors as a pillar of help, shrank from no office and no sight, however terrible. But she would not permit them to Mary, and they were presently separated.

Mary had a trio of sobbing children on her knee, in the living-room of one of the cottages, when there was a sudden tramp outside. Everybody in Miners' Row, including those who were laying out the dead, ran to the windows.

'The police from Cradock!'—fifty of them.

The news passed from mouth to mouth, and even those who had been maddest half an hour before felt the relief of it.

Meanwhile detachments of shouting men and women ran clattering at intervals through the village streets. Sometimes stragglers from them would drop into the cottages alongside—and from their panting talk, what had happened below became roughly clear. The police had arrived only just in time. The small band defending the office was worn out, the Rector had been struck, the palings torn down, in another half-hour the rioters would have set the place on fire and dragged out the man of whom they were in search.

The narrator's story was broken by a howl.—

'Here he comes!' And once again, as though by a rush of

muddy water, the street filled up, and a strong body of police came through it, escorting the banksman who had been the cause of the accident. A hatless, hunted creature, with white face and loosened limbs, he was hurried along by the police, amid a grim silence that had suddenly succeeded to the noise.

Behind came a group of men, officials of the colliery, and to the right of them walked the Rector, bareheaded as before, a bandage on the left temple. His eyes ran along the cottages, and he presently perceived Mary Elsmere standing at an open door, with a child that had cried itself to sleep in her arms.

Stepping out of the ranks, he approached her. The people made way for him, a few here and there with sullen faces, but in the main with a friendly and remorseful eagerness.

'It's all over,' he said in Mary's ear. 'But it was touch and go. An unpopular man—suspected of telling Union secrets to the masters last year. He was concerned in another accident to a boy—a month ago; they all think he was in fault, though the jury exonerated him. And now—a piece of abominable carelessness!—manslaughter at least. Oh! he'll catch it hot! But we weren't going to have him murdered on our hands. If he hadn't got safe into the office, the women alone would have thrown him down the shaft. By the way, are you learned in "first aid"?''

He pointed, smiling, to his temple, and she saw that the wound beneath the rough bandage was bleeding afresh.

'It makes me feel a bit faint,' he said, with annoyance; 'and there is so much to do!'

'May I see to it?' said her mother's voice behind her. And Catharine, who had just descended from an upper room, went quickly to a nurse's wallet which had been left on a table in the kitchen, and took thence an antiseptic dressing and some bandaging.

Meynell sat down by the table, shivering a little from shock and strain while she ministered to him. One of the women near brought him brandy; and Catharine deftly cleaned and dressed the wound. Mary looked on, handing what was necessary to her mother, and, in spite of herself, a ray of strange sweetness stole through the tragedy of the day.

In a very few minutes Meynell rose. They were in the cottage of one of the victims. The dead lay overhead, and the cries of wife and mother could be heard through the thin flooring.

'Don't go up again!' he said peremptorily to Catharine. 'It

is too much for you—and the children want you.’ He pointed to the huddled groups about the doorway. Then to Mary :

‘Gather some of the people, if you can, outside. I want to speak to them, when I come down. I must give a notice about the church to-night.’ Then he mounted the cottage stairs. Violent sounds of grief broke out overhead ; and the murmur of his voice could be heard between.

Mary quietly sent a few messengers into the street, and when the Rector descended there was a small waiting crowd outside.

Meanwhile evening had fallen, a late September evening, shot with gold and purple. Behind the village the yellow stubbles stretched up to the edge of the Chase, and drifts of bluish smoke from the colliery chimneys hung in the still air.

Meynell, standing on the raised footpath above the crowd, gave notice that a special service of mourning would be held in the church that evening. The meeting of the Church Council would of course be postponed.

During his few words Mary found herself at the farther edge of the gathering, looking over it towards the speaker. Behind him ran the row of cottages, and in the doorway opposite she saw her mother, with her arm tenderly folded round a sobbing girl, the sister of one of the dead. The sudden tranquillity, the sadder pause from tumult and anguish, seemed to draw a ‘wind-warm space’ round Mary : and she had time, for a moment, to think of herself and the strangeness of this tragic day.

How was it her mother was here at all ?—how was it she had suddenly proposed to come—nay, insisted on coming—to this meeting of the ‘Reform,’ that was to have been held in the village that evening ? As a spectator of course, and with the general public. But how amazing—that she should thus deliberately court the suffering it must bring her !

The name of Richard Meynell had scarcely been mentioned of late between mother and daughter. It had often seemed to Mary, indeed, that the silent antagonism in her mother’s mind had reached to distressing, to abnormal heights.

And yet at the same time, she had been constantly aware of reactions in the noble woman beside her—of passing moments of weakness in the strong will. And she would say to herself, piteously—‘It is because she loved my father so !’ And then hope would rise ; only to be crushed again, by indications of another sort.

How beautiful was the lined face :—so pale in the golden dusk,

in its heavy frame of black. Mary could not take her eyes from it. It betrayed an animation, a passion of life, which had been foreign to it for months. In these few crowded hours, when every word and action had been simple, instructive, inevitable—love to God and man working at their swiftest and purest—through all the tragedy and the horror, some burden seemed to have dropped from Catharine's soul. She met her daughter's eyes, and smiled.

When Meynell had finished, the crowd silently drifted away, and he came back to the Elsmers. They noticed the village fly coming towards them,—saw it stop in the roadway.

'I sent for it,' Meynell explained rapidly. 'You mustn't let your mother do any more. Look at her! Please will you both go to the Rectory? My cook will give you tea—I have let her know. Then the fly will take you home.'

They protested in vain,—must indeed submit. Catharine flushed a little at being so commanded; but there was no help for it.

'I *would* like to come and show you my den!' said Meynell, as he put them into the carriage. 'But there's too much to do here.'

He pointed sadly to the cottages, shut the door, and they were off.

During the short drive Catharine sat rather stiffly upright. Saint as she was, she was accustomed to have her way.

They drove into the dark shrubbery that lay between the Rectory and the road. At the door of the little house stood Ann in a white cap and clean apron. But the white cap sat rather wildly on its owner's head; nor would she take any interest in her visitors till she had got from them a fuller account of the tumult at the pit than had yet reached her, and assurances that Meynell's wound was but slight. But when these were given she pounced upon Catharine.

'Eh, but you're droppin'!'

And with many curious looks at them she hurried them into the study, where a hasty clearance had been made among the books, and a tea-table spread.

She bustled away to bring the teapot.

Then exhaustion seized on Catharine. She submitted to be put on the sofa after it had been cleared of its pile of books; and Mary sat by her awhile, holding her hands. Death and the agony of broken hearts overshadowed them.

But then tea came in, and with it the dogs, discreet at first, and presently—at scent of buttered toast—effusively friendly.



Mary fed them all, and Catharine watched the colour coming back to her face, and the dumb sweetness in the grey eyes.

Presently, while her mother still rested, Mary took courage to wander round the room, looking at the books, the photographs on the walls, the rack of pipes, the carpenter's bench, and the panels of half-finished carving. Timidly, yet eagerly, she breathed in the message it seemed to bring her from its owner,—of strenuous and frugal life. Was that half-faded miniature of a soldier his father—and that sweet grey-haired woman his mother? Her heart thrilled to each discovery.

Then Ann invaded them, for conversation, and while Catharine, unable to hide her fatigue, lay speechless, Ann chattered about her master. Her indignation was boundless that any hand could be lifted against him in his own parish. 'Why, he strips himself bare for them, he does!'

And—with Mary unconsciously leading her—out came story after story, in the racy West-Cumbrian vernacular, illustrating a good man's life and all

His little nameless unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.

\* \* \* \* \*

As they drove slowly home through the sad village street, they perceived Henry Barron calling at some of the stricken houses. The Squire was always punctilious, and his condolences might be counted on. Beside him walked a young man with a jaunty step, a bored fallow face, and a long moustache which he constantly caressed. Mary supposed him to be the Squire's second son 'Mr. Maurice,' whom nobody liked.

Then the church, looming through the dusk; lights shining through its fine Perpendicular windows, and the sound of familiar hymns surging out into the starry twilight.

Catharine turned eagerly to her companion.

'Shall we go in?'

The emotion of one to whom religious utterance is as water to the thirsty spoke in her voice. But Mary caught and held her.

'No, dearest, no!—come home and rest.' And when Catharine had yielded, and they were safely past the lighted church, Mary breathed more freely. Instinctively she felt that certain barriers had gone down before the tragic tumult, the human action of the day; let well alone!

And for the first time, as she sat in the darkness, holding her

mother's hand, and watching the blackness of the woods file past under the stars, she confessed her love to her own heart—trembling, yet exultant.

Meanwhile in the crowded church, men and women, who had passed that afternoon through the extremes of hate and sorrow, unpacked their hearts in singing and prayer. The hymns rose and fell through the dim red sandstone church,—symbol of the endless plaint of human life, for ever clamouring in the ears of Time ; and Meynell's address, as he stood on the chancel steps, almost among the people, the disfiguring strips of plaster on the temple and brow sharply evident between the curly black hair and the dark hollows of the eyes, sank deep into grief-stricken souls. Written down, it might not have satisfied an expert in religious eloquence. But it was the utterance of a man with the prophetic gift speaking to human beings to whom, through years of chequered life, he had given all that a man can give of service and of soul. He stood there as the living expression of their conscience, their better mind, conceived as the mysterious voice of a Divine power in man ; and in the name of that Power, and its direct message to the human soul embodied in the tale we call Christianity, he bade them repent their blood-thirst, and take comfort for their dead. He spoke amid weeping ; and from that night forward one might have thought his power unshakeable—at least among his own people.

But there were persons in the church who remained untouched by it. In the left aisle, Hester sat a little apart from her sisters, her hard curious look ranging from the preacher through the crowded benches. She surveyed it all as a spectacle—half thrilled, half critical. And at the western end of the aisle, the Squire and his son stood during the greater part of the service, showing plainly by their motionless lips and folded arms that they took no part in what was going on.

Father and son walked home together in close conversation.

And next day the first anonymous letter in the Meynell case was posted in Markborough, and duly delivered the following morning to an address in Upcote Minor.

*(To be continued.)*

*CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S STREET  
IN BRUSSELS TO-DAY.*

IN February, 1842, Charlotte Brontë, an inexperienced and outwardly timid girl of twenty-five, left the remote Yorkshire village of Haworth in company with her sister Emily, and took up residence in the Maison d'Education of Madame Héger, in the Rue d'Isabelle, Brussels. This was the first time she had left her native country, and she made her journey in quest of knowledge—knowledge that was dearly bought by disappointment and prolonged suffering.

In Brussels, for the first time in her life, she came into close and direct personal contact with a man of strong and decided character, great intellectual gifts, and extraordinary personality. This man was M. Constantin Héger. He was the husband of the director of the *pensionnat*, and for many months he and Charlotte Brontë were destined to live together under the same roof, to come into almost daily contact, and to begin a friendship that on her side, at least, existed in company with a great admiration that was never to find full expression save in the pages of fiction. Her experience of men had hitherto been limited to her father's curates—young men peculiarly raw in general experience and undeniably commonplace in intellect; to the brothers of one of her friends—lads of independent if not striking character; and to her brother, Patrick Branwell. Three months after meeting M. Héger she describes him thus :

He is professor of rhetoric, a man of power as to mind, but very choleric and irritable in temperament. A little black being, with a face that varies in expression. Sometimes he borrows the lineaments of an insane tom-cat, sometimes those of a delirious hyena; occasionally, but very seldom, he discards these perilous attractions, and assumes an air not above one hundred degrees removed from mild and gentleman-like. . . . The few private lessons that M. Héger has vouchsafed to give us are, I suppose, to be considered a great favour; and I can perceive they have already excited much spite and jealousy in the school.

This is not the language of love, but all those who have but a casual acquaintance with Charlotte Brontë's four novels will recognise that it is the language of deep interest. 'It is natural to me to submit,' she writes in the same letter from which the

foregoing quotation is taken, just as it was natural for Jane Eyre to submit to Rochester, Lucy Snowe to Paul Emanuel, and Caroline Helstone to Robert Gerard Moore.

A reference to 'Jane Eyre,' 'Shirley,' and 'Villette,' wherein are described, respectively, Rochester, Moore, and Emanuel, will serve to show that each of these imaginary characters was drawn from one real one, and that that one real man was M. Héger. Out of a composite photograph of her three heroes emerge the lineaments of 'this little black being' with a powerful mind and unbending will. No close student of Charlotte Brontë's life can doubt for one moment that the man who exercised the strongest influence upon her mind and character was M. Constantin Héger; indeed, he seared her brain as with a hot iron, and left her imagination so deeply stirred that for the remaining thirteen years of her life his image was always with her, lifelike and ineffaceable.

Villette, of course, is Brussels, and though it is Brussels of seventy years ago, the city that is described so vividly in the novel is very much the same as one finds it to-day. What is more, the Pensionnat Héger in the Rue d'Isabelle is still standing, though before many months have gone by it will be razed to the ground, for the building, after being sold some ten years ago to the town of Brussels, has recently been condemned, and the spot that is most closely connected with the tragedy of Charlotte Brontë's life will soon exist no longer. In this house, almost as it stands at the present moment, the story of 'Villette' is pitched; here came Lucy Snowe, friendless and alone; here is the *salon* where she was received by Madame Beck; here, on the ground-floor, are the three schoolrooms; upstairs, the dormitories are still very much as they were in Charlotte Brontë's time; and above them is the 'vast solitary garret' where the nun came in one of her many ghostly visits to the house and garden. Indeed, the changes that have been made during the last seventy years in the structure of the building have scarcely altered its internal geography at all. Some municipal buildings in the rear have been joined on to the house, but this has been done with the least possible change to the latter; the house is merely extended, the original part remaining very much as it was before. On the ground-floor, it is true, certain alterations have been made by various tenants; the largest of the three schoolrooms, for instance, has been divided into two, and one of the

two doors giving out on to the street has been transformed into a window, thus making useless the portress's cabinet, which has been demolished altogether in order to enlarge the adjoining classroom. But the building itself is so large, that these comparatively small changes scarcely affect it as a whole, and they certainly do nothing to confuse the student of Charlotte Brontë's life who visits the house to-day. Minor alterations apart, the sole remaining building in the Rue d'Isabelle, Brussels, is the same as the Pensionnat Héger in which Charlotte Brontë lived nearly seventy years ago. One can still wander through the house with 'Villette' in one's hand, and live again those vivid and memorable scenes that have been painted for all time.

To this house I went a short time ago, and sought admission. The caretaker refused to permit me to enter; 'visitors were not allowed.' A portion of the ground-floor of the house at the present moment is used as a boys' day-school, and a room on the first-floor is rented by a small and somewhat exclusive literary society, the remaining rooms being empty and unfurnished; but as I knew well enough that the building would not be standing in twelve months' time, and that this was my only chance of entering a house I had dreamed of for years, I refused to go away, and tried to persuade the woman to let me in if only for five minutes. But in vain. I mentioned a sum of money; she shook her head. I doubled it; again her head was shaken, but with less determination. I doubled the bribe once more, and then she told me that if I came at a certain hour the following day she would let me in. It was against the rules, she declared, and I was the only visitor who had thus been favoured; and on inquiring later I found that this was true.

I presented myself at the appointed hour, and was admitted. The Rue d'Isabelle lies in the very heart of Brussels, but its position is such that it forms a kind of backwater in the busy life of the city, and it is probably the quietest street in Belgium's capital. The old Pensionnat Héger is the only building left standing in the street, which lies in a kind of deep hollow between the Rue Royale and the Rue de la Madeleine. Not inaptly was it termed the 'Rue Fossette' in 'Villette.' As you look down upon it from the Rue Royale, the chimneys of the *pensionnat*—'this semi-convent, secluded in the built-up core of a capital'—are beneath your feet.

In visiting this quiet corner of Brussels to-day—this little

oasis of peace in a desert of gaiety and noise—one cannot help doubting the strict accuracy of the information supplied by the printed circular used by Madame Héger in order to advertise her school. 'Cet établissement'—so runs the circular—'est situé dans l'endroit le plus salubre de la ville.' This is certainly not true to-day, if indeed it was ever strictly accurate. The Rue d'Isabelle does not enjoy a high situation; it is penned in. Though sheltered from the bitter winds of winter, it is prevented from being refreshed by the cool breezes of summer; and when I visited it, it was close, hot, and almost stifling, though but an hour earlier I had been enjoying the breeze in the Bois du Cambre and the Avenue Louise. No reader of 'Villette' is likely to forget the vivid description of thunderstorms contained therein, and one imagines that here in the Rue d'Isabelle Charlotte Brontë would suffer not only from the excitement incident upon the nearness of thunder and lightning, but also from the enervating and depressing atmosphere that is often to be found in those quarters of cities which stand considerably lower than their immediate surroundings.

It is impossible to give the reader any idea of the vivid sense of reality—of living actually in the past—that I experienced in walking through this house and in treading the floors not only that Charlotte Brontë herself trod hundreds of times, but on which the feet of Lucy Snowe and Paul Emanuel walked so often in expectation, in sadness, in the fever of love, and in remorse. For the interest of this place is twofold. Here Charlotte and Emily Brontë, real people of history, lived a part of their lives, and here Lucy Snowe—no less real a figure to thousands of readers—passed through suffering to happiness.

The house is very large and is built round three sides of a large courtyard, which is intersected by a spacious glass-sided apartment joining the two sides of the rectangle. Besides the three schoolrooms that existed in Charlotte Brontë's time, there are other apartments which were formerly used as *salon*, dining-room, etc. There are two staircases, that at the back being narrow and winding; both lead to the numerous dormitories and to the oratory, to-day precisely as it was seven decades ago; from the second storey access is gained to the immense garret, where more than one intensely realistic scene in 'Villette' takes place. Here was Lucy Snowe locked in by

Monsieur Paul to learn her part in the play that was to be acted at Madame Beck's *fête*. In the novel it is described as being 'as hot as Africa in summer weather, and as cold as Greenland in winter.' I visited it on a burning September day, and here under the ancient tiles the atmosphere was unbearable. It is to-day precisely the same in every detail as described in the fourteenth chapter of 'Villette.' The garret, though really one large apartment traversing the whole length of that portion of the building farthest away from the street, is divided into three sections with doors; when the doors are left open, one can see from end to end of the room, shadowed and gloomy as it is.

But vivid and keen as the sensations were that I experienced in the house, they were more vivid still when I walked in the large garden of flowers and fruit-trees, and when I stood beneath the *berceau* and crept quietly down the path which was once the *allée défendue*. During the last seven decades the appearance of the garden has changed more considerably than the house itself. The shape is still the same, but 'Methuselah,' the pear-tree, in whose hollow Lucy hid Dr. John's letters, has gone; many of the other trees, also, have vanished, and their place is taken by saplings. There is now no grass; the gravelled walks are no longer white. And I looked in vain for the thickly growing shrubs which hedged in and made narrow the *allée défendue*. But the vine-clad *berceau* was still there, and the walls and the flowers. And the same pathways went in among the beds. And the house was there, and the same street beyond the wall; and all around was the vast city. It was evening, and at sunset. The trees cast shadows. The caretaker at my request had left me alone. Soon was I filled by the veritable spirit of romance and mystery that suffuses each page of 'Villette.' Here on soundless feet came the nun; here Lucy Snowe passed many lonely hours, full of ineffable longing; here came Madame Beck with her spying eyes and oily tongue; and here, arm in arm, passed Charlotte and Emily Brontë, each day in summer and winter, lonely, homesick, and friendless. I tried to annihilate time, for my presence here had vanquished the space that hitherto had separated me from the novelist who had kindled my imagination more than any other I have ever read. My mind reached backward, longing to get into direct communica-



tion with her who had brought me hither. Gloom compassed me about. It was an hour, I felt, in which something miraculous might happen. But though I could, and did, receive a kind of message, I could not give one. I benefited, but could not benefit. She was still giving riches to me, though I could present her with nothing.

When it was dark I went away, feeling that I had been as near the spirits of these wonderful women as mortal man can get—much nearer, indeed, than when I visited Haworth some years ago and spent a few days on its wind-swept moors.

GERALD CUMBERLAND.

## BROTHER JUDAS.

Yet doth he devise means whereby his banished be not expelled from him.

'SISSIGNORA! it is the Judas-tree!' said the old monk courteously in the Italian tongue, as he stood for a moment by the side of the English lady who had appeared so suddenly in his pathway, and both paused to glance in the direction of the tree whose vivid blossom now showed like a bloodstain upon the fresh green of the hillside below Fiesole.

'It was in the spring of the year, a spring like our own,' continued the old monk, glancing upwards through the golden light at the blue dome no Syrian sky could rival, 'that the Betrayal took place—the Betrayal of the Innocent Blood; therefore, each year in Passion Week our people believe the tree sweats blood through all its branches, bearing within itself the curse of Judas, who hanged himself, it is said, upon some such tree as this.' Then with a quick gesture as of one dismissing too grave and weighty a subject, he added more lightly, 'But the spring is a time of treachery, *non è ver?* It greets you with a kiss, soft and fair, but it slays the innocent, and the aged, and those that are of a weak habit. Our *Primavera* and the hot sun have in them too the kiss of Death, *Eccellenza*,' and the old monk glanced more directly at the frail distinguished figure beside him, and at the worn pallor of the face under the floating grey veil where life had already set so fine an edge that death itself would have little to take away. She had come suddenly upon his sight at a bend in the upward pathway between the young tree-trunks and bright shafts of light, like a being from another world—a world even farther away than the land of the *Inglesi* whose accents she used and whose manners she followed in wandering thus alone and unattended upon the hillside. Seen against the hard bright landscape, clear to vanishing-point, she had an air as faint and remote as a spirit drawn from the tomb by the too-insistent sunlight, and forced by the universal law of spring to seek again the upper world that she too might sow some personal seed of hope and longing to germinate and blossom with all those other seeds of Nature in the glad miraculous air.

For the moment, as he crossed himself, the old monk was not

very sure that it was not, indeed, some trick of reverie, some vision of the hillside, like some one of those many other visions that hung around him like sunset clouds in the declining years of his life. Below him, it is true, stretched the familiar valley of the Arno, with the river threading its way in silver loops to the sea, and all around him rose in close intimacy the soft Tuscan hills; but to his aged consciousness the scenes of this life were fast becoming the background of the next, and what might one not meet upon the blessed hillside, *Deo volente*, in Italy!—in spring!

The lady began speaking, her shadowy eyes still fixed upon the Judas-tree: 'What an awful doom for any human creature,' she said—and her voice was like a quiet sigh—'that even Nature herself should witness against you, and proclaim your crime long centuries afterwards upon these golden hills! How terrible a thought that the sin must follow the sinner as long as the world endures, and that in the whole earth there is no place of forgetfulness, no waters of Lethe, for such a soul!'

'Ah! Signora! you too have felt it?—it is the Curse!' and an extraordinary passion of sorrow, gratitude, and triumph swept over the old man's face. 'You have felt it!' he continued, 'but I know it. You keep in step with the angels, Eccellenza, who art sister to saints, but I walk with Judas.' Here the old monk paused heavily as though his avowal were drawn from him by invisible powers, then added: 'For I, too, was a traitor, and betrayed the innocent blood.'

There was a silence as of the confessional as the words fell sombrely upon the spring air. Then the lady, who seemed to possess the distinction of belonging to no time or place, and in some mysterious way to be beyond the reach of all things that may disturb and hurt the soul, said gently:

'Let us sit here awhile, Father!'

Her selfless manners and curious air of detachment swept aside custom and convention as one sweeps cobwebs from a large room, and the old monk obeyed her as simply as he would have obeyed the Higher Voice. Seated upon an old stone-bench beneath the Judas-tree, both relics of some ancient garden site long since forgotten, he unburdened himself of his story, while the red light from above played upon the delicate unearthly face of his companion, and fell through the leaves upon the ground beneath like drops of blood.

'It was long ago, Eccellenza—so long ago that I seem even to myself to be speaking of another man in another world. I sometimes think Eternity is not longer than some of the crises of Time!—He was my brother—I betrayed him for the love of a woman—a woman of your country, Eccellenza, beautiful as the day;—the story lies in his grave. Remorse followed me; wherever I went I saw him as he lay dying, and his last cry rang in my ears, "And thou! Bernardino!" I fled from the world and took the vows; but peace could not reach me even there. Within those silent walls the years crept slowly by—*caro Dio*, how slow they crept!—bringing no comfort with them; for every year that passed showed me more clearly than the last that of all the people who have lived and died upon the earth the only one whose company I could claim was the company of Judas. In my cell I spent long hours in meditation upon the Lost Disciple and upon the Curse. Day and night he became the companion of my thoughts, so that in time a silent fellowship grew up between us. We were branded with the same crime, cast out alike by God and man. I longed to help him bear his heavy burden, and so get ease to bear my own; for what another shares is lighter than a load one bears alone. In the Convent they said I was mad, but harmless. My madness took the form of saying masses for the repose of his soul; in assuming the name of "Brother Judas"—a name never borne before by any of a religious house; in disposing of my worldly wealth, such little as remained to me, in the form of thirty pieces of silver—for I said it will comfort him where he lies in torment and assuage his pain if I replace in the world's money-chest that which he took therefrom. Then I ceased to pray to the Saints, too happy each in his niche of honour to care for such as I; and I neglected their Festivals—for what had I to do with Feasts, who was a traitor? Fast and vigil, scourging and penance, were more fit for such an one.

'Thus time went by. Then one year, in Passion Week it came to my turn at the altar to read the story of the Betrayal as it is written in the Church's history once a year. But my spirit rebelled within me, and my tongue refused its office. I could not read the accusing page—I, who had shared the same lot as Judas, and had groaned and travailed all those years over the sin that bound us both together! Then, suddenly, it seemed to me that power had been given me to remit his punishment for the space

of one year, since, if the lesson were not read upon the appointed day, silence would fall upon his name for the rest of that period, and thus the hatred and scorn men felt towards him would be lessened by so much.

'And I took the Book, and when I came to his name I was silent; and I left out all reference to his deed, so that for the first time in history the story of Christ was told without mention of His Betrayer, that the sufferings of Judas might be lightened and his pain eased for that period.

'But what I had done was sacrilege, and caused much scandal among the Brethren. And many said I should not have been set to read that portion of Holy Writ, seeing that my brain was ever liable to give way upon that subject. But our Prior, being wiser than the Brethren, sent for me and said: "Thy body is enfeebled, my son, and thy judgment is weakened thereby. We will relax the rule in thy case. Thou shalt go down into the city and work there. Peace comes to us in divers places—to one the cell, to another the market-place. It is not found in any one place, as some suppose. Follow thy Master, therefore, in the treacherous streets, where surely thou wilt find Him; and in three years' time return again to thy place and read the portion of the Gospel as it stands written for the day—of Judas the Betrayer, and of the Christ Whom he betrayed."

'So I was transferred to our Florentine house, Madama, and I went down into the city—pointing in the direction where Florence lay gleaming in the distance, a sun-washed city of molten gold, over which the dome of Brunelleschi hung like an unbroken bubble, and the towers and campanili lifted their fine historic points into the wider dome beyond—"and in the city," continued the old monk, "my own crime met me everywhere. The world seemed to divide itself naturally into two classes—the betrayer and the betrayed. And by the infallible test of my own sin I recognised them as no one who had not sinned *the Sin* could have done. Treachery opened its heart to me since I myself had been a traitor, and those who had abused confidences and betrayed trusts accepted me as a brother. Even the murderer and the assassin were not afraid of me. And I saw many traitors, for the city is full of them; and I went about saving and warning innocent victims. For I was free to come and go among them, being of their number, and as "Brother

Judas " I had much power given me, and many were saved in the name of Judas who would not have listened to the Christ."

'Where I dwell I have heard angels speak of " Brother Judas! "' said the lady softly, while the light heat from below filled the valley with mystic haze, out of which the mountain-tops in far distant dimness rose like the portals of another world.

'Thus I laboured for many months,' continued the old monk. 'Then after a while, as I went to and fro, I became aware of a presence, soothing and serene, about my path, helping me and aiding me in my work. Now and again I would catch glimpses of a fluttering red garment, or a sandalled foot, and on the ground a glow and flush where he had been. Wherever he passed men's hearts were softened and they let their victims go, and coming after him I made many converts speaking to them of Judas the Betrayer. And one day I saw him—a stranger in a blood-red garment and a glowing radiance round his head; and as we passed each other upon opposite sides of the narrow street he looked across to me and said, " I am he who betrayed His Master! " And I said, " I know thee for that Lost Disciple. " " Nay! brother," he answered gently, " not lost, since the power of salvation reaches even to me. I was Judas the Betrayer, but am now become, by the grace of God, Apostle to Traitors."

'That was the first time I saw him.

'On the busy bridge—the Old Bridge—I met him again, and I said, " How camest thou here in Italy? " and he answered: " I will tell thee. For many centuries I lay crushed and broken by the horror of my deed, the object of all men's hate and contumely, shunned and scorned as none have ever been before or since. Then one day, as I lay thus, the Pariah of Eternity, my pains were loosened and a ray of hope appeared in my black wall of darkness. It was thou, my brother, that didst me that ease. It was the day thou didst remember to repay to the Lord my thirty pieces of silver—the awful debt that had lain for interminable centuries upon my conscience. Many a time before that I had tried to work my silent need into some living consciousness, but with none did I succeed. The rich were too fond of their riches to spare any in restitution for another; the poor were too poor to give out of their poverty. I waited long for thy coming; and as the drop of cold water to Dives in Hell, so was thy deed to me. I said, 'Pity is not yet dead on earth: one heart rejects me not, one fellow-soul remembers me.' I warmed myself once

more at human fires, and the icy loneliness of centuries began to thaw. Raised by thy deed out of infinite despair, I too would serve others, vile though I was. I would find some task too black for men or angels to contemplate, some soul too evil for any but me to reach. Filled with new hope, I began to haunt the outskirts of Heaven, but the Angels averted their faces from me. Then I waited for the spirits of our brethren. Each met me according to his nature. Mark shunned me with timidity; Luke, our physician, would spare me no prescription; John, full of the Mystic Beasts and the Four-and-Twenty Elders, did not even notice me—he was always vague and wandering. Then I said, 'I will go to Peter; he will understand and have compassion, for he too denied the Master and was forgiven.' But Peter received me more roughly than any. 'Ah!' he cried, 'is it thou?' and his look scorched fiercer than the fires of Hell—'what doest thou here?'

"But I would not be cast off, and when he would have spurned me from him in the old passionate way, I cried, 'By the days together down below which we are not likely to forget, bear with me now. If thou, who denied the Lord three times, wert forgiven and raised to highest honour in His Church, surely some humble post, some meanest menial task, may yet be found for me, who have spent whole centuries of agony and remorse.'

"'Nay,' he said, 'thou art no longer of our number. Get thee hence, traitor! thief!'

"But I clung to him with desperate hands, and said: 'Who keeps the bag for thee to-day in the churches? Is naught ever withheld or missed therefrom?' And at that he fell to frowning heavily. 'Yea,' he said, 'thou hast had many descendants! There are many like unto thee in the Church to-day. Simony and greed flourish, and the treasures of the Church are despoiled. Truly, the money-changers are in her Courts, and they have made His House a den of thieves.'

"His wrath was terrible for the moment. Then, suddenly, whether by the vehemence of his action or whether by some other cause, I found myself falling from the ramparts of Heaven, downwards through infinite space, and when consciousness returned to me I was once more on earth—beneath the dome of Peter's Church at Rome. A confused sound filled my ears—the sound of chanting—and I saw dead Christs above the altars that had known the living one. And round me on every side were those in scarlet robes—Cardinals, Monsignori, and high dignitaries of the



Church—and I said : ‘ Are these also traitors, wearing red robes like mine? Are these, indeed, they of whom Peter spake? ’

“ And I went among them unknown and unheeded; and I found again the Temporal Power blinding men’s eyes to the Spiritual—the earthly kingdom usurping men’s thoughts as in the old days in Galilee. It was the same canker in the Church to-day. And I saw much corruption and false stewardship; for this land is a land of treachery, and honesty is no more a virtue of the Italian than of the Jew.

“ And I swept the Church’s floor more diligently than the woman for the lost piece of silver, and I stood guard over her treasures; and when any would have put his hand into the bag I (Judas) wrought with him, and by the pangs of the Betrayal, the Agony and Bitter Shame, I saved many from selling the Lord anew. Thus I found a way to serve Him Whom I had betrayed, and gained a new Apostleship that neither Peter nor any can take away. And I accepted the Curse, and was ready to live with the craven and false-hearted; to shun the company of all true men; to kill my own sin daily, hourly in others, not loathing but loving them, not shifting the burden off my own shoulders, but content—nay, glad—to be a World’s Warning.”

‘ Then I told him of my wish to spare him shame and ignominy, and what I had done, and how I had prayed that men might come to think of him by degrees with sorrow and not hatred, and so in time his deed be blotted out of remembrance.’

‘ What said he to that? ’ asked the listening lady, while the plaintive note of a bell from some distant *castello* floated upwards upon the smooth immense silence.

“ Friend,” he answered, “ by refusing to read my name in the Book you took away the most precious comfort I possess. I would have you proclaim my name from the housetops, that all men may know and shun my sin, and thus the evil that I did be turned to good.”

“ Say how,” I ventured, “ the awful deed was thine? ”

‘ And he answered : “ Know you not that I also was one of the purposes of God? In the great Wrong I did I set free a great Good; through my vile act Salvation ran to its appointed end, and the waters that were for the cleansing of the nations were set free for all time. For I, too, was an integral part of the great scheme of redemption—I only of our twelve poor simple brethren was an indispensable and awful link in the chain of history, bringing to its completion the great and holy purpose of God. Yet they are

all remembered and honoured, while I who so evilly have done the world the greater service am cast forth and scorned, that my destiny might be fulfilled—Christ in His allotted path and I in mine; my name as closely linked with His as night with day; His the perpetual Blessing, mine the perpetual Curse."

'I looked into his worn lined face and asked:

"Will thy punishment last for ever?"

'And he said: "That I know not; but some day, when treachery has ceased to exist, and the warning of my sin has rid the world of traitors, then I too shall have rest. But while one traitor remains, or one act of treachery is committed, I lie bound in the chain of my sin, accursed, alone."

"Can none aid thee?" I asked.

"Yea, friend, thou canst help. Go forth and preach everywhere Christ the Betrayed, and spare not His Betrayer; that I, the Iscariot, may be lifted up like the Serpent in the Wilderness, as a cleansing restorative symbol, and the plague of treachery be stayed for ever in your midst."

'Then I looked at him with compassion—a man so like myself—and said, "Can naught be done to comfort thy sad lot?"

'And he smiled at me with wonder. "Though I made my bed in Hell," he answered, "I find Christ there. My Hell is Paradise!"

"Tell me, then," I cried, "when the number of the Elect is made up, and all the Heavenly Company stand arrayed in white garments, must you alone wear the blood-red mantle?"

'At this he smiled as one having knowledge of the Hidden Things, and said: "I would change it for no other; but I do not wear it alone. The Seraphim who love most and stand next God are clothed in red robes, being Love Visible. It is my prayer that one day, æons hence, it may be granted me to stand with them!"

The old monk finished his recital, and then sat silent as in a trance. His head drooped forward and his mind turned backward to the spring of all springs which saw the Christ die, when the breeze was as soft and the leaves were as green as those that stirred the air to-day. With mystical intensity he saw, as he had seen so many times before, a Procession winding its way along the Valley below him through the olive-gardens and vineyards in the warm spring heat—the age-old procession of the Cross. First, the Lord Who had been betrayed, then the two thieves by His side, the soldiery, the populace, the faithful women; and on the

green mount below him the historic scene rehearsing itself in all its poignancy and power. Then he saw another scene following hard on that—a dark lean man with tortured face and anguished eyes, a man cast out, accursed, who fled from the witness of his own deed, self-accused, self-judged, to cast himself in self-immolation from another tree. And as he looked, it was himself he saw, for so long had he identified himself with the Lost Disciple, so long had he counted himself of the household of Judas, that standing by the Traitor's Tree it was indeed himself hung there; presently the body would be taken down and wrapped in his own mantle and laid in his own tomb.

Then it seemed to him that one of the *Maries* leant down and spoke to him, and he came back to the sunlight and pleasant air to find that the lady with the beautiful misty eyes was speaking to him across the Drama of the Cross, the drama of his life, drawing him back from the tideless sea that has no shore of the religious mystic, and pressing upon him a question that was still part of the living finite world around him. 'Father,' she was saying with gentle urgency, 'thy sin is doubtless pardoned long ago; but what of the lady of whom you spoke?'

The old monk slowly roused himself, and, recovering the thread of earthly things, answered:

'I gained naught by my treachery, *Eccellenza*; she whom I loved was spared all further pain, for the Madonna took her to herself thirty years ago.'

The lady bowed her head with a faint gesture of dissent. 'You say she was spared all further pain, Father; but what if she, too, is without rest, knowing also the sin of Judas? What if she, too, dissembled, and would have married thy elder brother, the Marchese, against the dictates of her heart, not loving him, but because worldly ambition and family interests were set against thy youth and poverty? What if she, too, was false to the best within her, and died—not of a broken heart, as some say, but—of a broken faith, Conte?' A new bearing set for a moment on the old monk's shoulders, as the sound of the forgotten title dropped as from old habit from her lips. He drew himself together and clasped with strange energy the breviary in his hand; was it a sword, or a diplomat's pen, or what forgotten instrument of command once wielded in the great world to which he had belonged? Then the fine sensitive hand came in contact with the coarse serge of his habit, the eye fell on the dust of the sandals,

and the window that had opened for an instant into the past closed as suddenly again, leaving only the abnegatory present.

'She died long since,' repeated the old monk simply.

'I *was* dead, but am alive again,' corrected the beautiful transparent face beside him. 'By God's exceeding grace I am now released from bonds of time and place.'

A mist rose before the old monk's eyes, and then a clearness that is above the small finite confusions of our life here settled upon his face as he waited with great peace for that which was to come. Then the voice of his companion, sounding thin and remote as the Past itself, said gently: 'You were the Conte del Prato, and I was the Lady Evelyn Hope.' If any witnesses had been present at this time they would have seen that both had long passed beyond the personal issues of life, and that for them the occasions and events of this world had long ago been swallowed up in the fuller mystic life beyond. Distracted by no outward act of the senses, dependent on no bondage of words, both sat on in silence. What had been said made no sensible difference to the old monk except to afford him a sense of great ease—an ease like that of the Judgment Day when the Judgment is over; and as he sat in her presence, the presence of one who knew his case even as God knew it—she and God only—that peace which at all times passes man's understanding filled his soul.

The red light from the Judas-tree fell like little tongues of fire upon the group beneath, and down below the sunset deepened over the homely earth new-turned beneath the olive-trees, and the peasants moving among the vines. After a while the lady lifted her pale brow and said, 'And shall you return to read the Lesson on the appointed day?'

And the old monk answered:

'I am even now on my way back to our Monastery, Eccellenza, and to-morrow I read the Story of Judas to the Brethren; and may the Saviour of all men have mercy on his soul and mine!'

'Amen!' said the gentle voice beside him.

The old monk trudged on his way, and the lady returned whence she had come.

Down below in the old Protestant cemetery, guarded well by cypresses, an old worn slab of stone, squeezed round with violets, hides the name of Evelyn Hope, and underneath an ancient date of thirty years ago.

LUCIA M. COOKE.

*THE BASS-FISHER OF ST. BETTS.*

HE would certainly take us out fishing, he said; he frequently took out persons like ourselves, and he knew how and where fish were to be caught. He quite understood what we wanted; his boat was ready, and so was he, and if we had our tackle with us we might start at once. So, since he had been recommended by authority, and since the other blue-jerseyed fishermen standing near hardly took their pipes out of their mouths to answer questions, we settled a time with him, and later in the morning he rowed us from the stone pier which has harboured St. Betts fishermen for nearly six centuries, out to the open water where, he assured us, those favoured by fortune and by the counsels of so experienced a seafaring man as himself would certainly catch fish. The tide was full, and he rowed us over smooth levels under the lee of a great rock; you could stare down over the stern of the boat into ten feet of water and watch the oar-weed and bladder-wrack swaying in the current. Here, he told us, we might fish; and when we asked more, as to baits and leads, he was as obliging as he could be: we might fish with a rod, or a hand-line, with or without weights, using any bait we pleased. It was decided to spin for pollack, which without doubt, he told us, should be taken in this very place; and as he rowed on, he broke out again and again into a strange sing-song drawl which seemed to belong to the motion of his rowing—a sort of running accompaniment to the physical action of taking a sea-angler about in a boat. ‘Sometimes,’ he explained as he rowed, ‘you may go out fishing, and catch fish . . . as many fish as you like, sometimes, when you go out fishing. . . . And another time, you may go out, and never catch anything at all—another time . . . never catch anything at all.’ The drawl rose and fell; he rowed on and on. Once I caught my spinner in a weed, and he spoke to me of heavy fishes till the weed dragged on the side of the boat. It was not long before we were back at the pier, and the blue-jerseyed seamen with their pipes watched the return without comment.

Later in the day, in a shop which swung a huge model winder and sea-leads over its door, I heard of another fisherman. He

lived in a whitewashed cottage high on a rock overlooking the bay—a cottage with a white wall in front of it; and by the side of it two whitewashed figure-heads, taken from barques which had sunk in the bay. He was leaning on the wall, looking out to the sunset, when I came up the hill—a slight weather-beaten man in a blue-cotton blouse, a peaked cap, and dark trousers; a man with a guarded tongue and the sea in his eyes, who spoke shortly and a little suspiciously, promising nothing. He had two boats, the *Charlotte* at her moorings and the *Maud* in the harbour, and he agreed to take us out the next day, in the *Charlotte* or the *Maud* according to the weather, for what fishing could be had—mackerel, possibly, or pollack; he had little to say about bass. So the next day in the afternoon we went out in the smaller boat—the *Maud*; there was a light wind, and we sailed a mile or more up to the Sound. We sailed where we had fished the day before, and a silent man with one hand on the tiller and the other ready to the sheet listened to a story of monotonous rowing, and weeds which were fish, and of days when you might go out fishing and never catch anything at all. He nodded; he made no remark. He glanced under the filling sail once or twice, ahead at the Sound, where gulls swooped and clattered; but he said nothing till he moved forward from the tiller, took down the sail, seated himself to row and told us to put out our lines. Then we saw where we were and what we were to do. Ahead of the boat the water was alive with mackerel—a shoal of them, gleaming in the sun; above the shoal seagulls hung like a cloud, shifting, crying, and dipping, bird after bird with a splash. Both the gulls and the mackerel were chasing the tiny herring fry—the 'bait' which sends gulls and fish wild when they find it; and here we suddenly found ourselves being rowed on a racing tide, with the water under the stern hissing and bubbling, and mackerel taking our spinners as fast as we could get them out of the boat. Across and against and down the tide he rowed us, and always just behind the boat there were the crying gulls and the chasing mackerel; until, almost as if there had been a signal, we were suddenly in silence. The cloud of gulls was gone. The water behind the boat was quiet. The 'bait' had vanished; there were no more mackerel; we were alone in the Sound.

The rowing stopped, and the boatman looked at us, breathing a little hard, and with a queer smile. He glanced down at the fish, and up at us again, and we realised perhaps only then how



much we owed to the sheer skill and strength of his rowing. But he seemed to notice what we said very little; he cleared the fish together and counted them—there were ninety-seven, and it was less than an hour ago when we first saw the shoal. Then he wiped a wet cloth over the thwarts and the bottom-boards, where the tiny scales dried in the sun, and set sail for home. The wind took us well, and as we ran out from the Sound he spoke, smiling a little bitterly still: 'Would *he* have rowed you about in front of the shoal, master? Would *he* have shown the missis sport like that? Do you think *he* knows? Why, master, *he* would row you round and round that rock. . . .' I heard something then of the delinquencies of *pseudo*-fishermen; but the full tale was not told till years afterwards, when the same man beguiled a beginner from London, blessed with much wealth and little knowledge. That confiding stranger left gut traces of the finest quality in rocks, weeds, piles, and the new Jubilee Pier, all of them broken under water by fish of the largest size, until he, too, was rescued and was scarcely restrained from throwing his boatman after the traces.

That afternoon in the Sound was the first of many days on the sunny St. Betts waters, trailing with hand-lines for mackerel, spinning for bass with a rod and line and nine feet of salmon gut at the end of it, to get a chance at shy fish sixty yards behind the boat; or anchored in neap tides to try for conger among the rocks; or far out to sea, sailing in a steady breeze up and down over the great Drift Rock, and showing the rest of the St. Betts fleet how the best fisherman of all that seaboard could catch bass. That is the insistent memory, the extreme impression of the man. He is, and he has been, and he will be always a bass-fisher.

The Drift Rock lies four miles out from St. Betts, and in a west wind the Atlantic swell rides over it in great ridges of water. I remember the first day I went out to the Rock for bass. We started not long after dawn on a June morning, and, except for an hour or two from seven o'clock, no other boat came out from St. Betts. We picked up the marks: St. Betts church spire came in line with the point of the island, and then there crept out a little farmhouse by a green belt of trees from a fold in the hills to the west, and we shortened sail. It is when you shorten sail and the way comes off the boat that you get the first real notion of the loneliness of fishing far out at sea. There was not much wind that morning, but there was a heavy ground-swell;



the sea went in long valleys, and the tide ran ribands of racing bubbles up and across the slopes. A fishing-boat rides up those slopes very like an acorn-cup, and not much bigger by the feel of it; the boat poises itself for a moment on the height of the ridge, and you look down a slant of water thirty yards to the hollow; then the ridge tilts and rides up behind you.

We did not catch much that morning; and a catch had to be better in those days even than in these to be worth anything, for the fishmongers then gave only threepence a pound for bass. They give sixpence a pound now, for French restaurants have discovered bass as delicate fare; the name 'salmon-bass' has helped a little, perhaps, and the strong silver scales, and the shape, which is as handsome as a salmon's too. But the price—sixpence a pound—has tempted out a dozen boats from St. Betts for the one or two that fished the Sound and Drift Rock when I knew those waters first; and if you go out after bass now, it will be very likely as one of a little fleet of ten or fifteen boats or more. Surely there is no prettier sight of sunshine and tumbling water. The little boats with their red and brown and yellow sails cross and re-cross, backwards and forwards and up and down. If the fish are feeding, so are the gulls, and no one knows what gulls can be till he has fished side by side in a great flock of them: herring gulls and common gulls in flashing white and grey, guillemots and razorbills swimming and diving, brown and white shearwaters, or mackerel cock, as the fishermen call them, poised with their light little feet put out like doves' to touch the water, and all the thousands round the boats crying and chasing and swallowing—it is the most inspiring chorus when bass are on the feed over the Drift Rock.

But when they are not? Nobody must go out once or twice and catch bass and come back to say it is an easy business. It can be of all sea-fishing the most difficult and the most disappointing, and, when a man's living depends upon it, something more. With the best luck and the best will in the world, it takes years to learn the trick of it. A man must have a knowledge of winds and tides, and of the managing of a sailing-boat single-handed in all weathers from a calm to half a gale. He must know the ground over which he fishes, and the set of the currents, and the habits of the fish at different heights of the tide; he must have the knowledge which tells him what weight to use on his line, and the instinct which lets him lift his head over a rough bottom and hook fish when others less skilled are catching their gear in weeds and

rock. A clumsy man could not afford bass-fishing : his lost gear would cost him too much. Nor could a lazy man catch bass : the fish might feed only an hour or so after dawn, and never move the rest of the day. Then there are times when the bass will touch no bait that you may offer them, though they are feeding greedily on the herring fry all round the boat. You may stand up in the bows under the jib and watch them darting open-mouthed, like grey ghosts of fish, just below the surface, and you may take your spinners behind the boat through the shoal time after time without moving a fin. Certainly, I have caught a few in bright weather, fishing fine and far off with a rod and light tackle, when the fisherman with his heavier line and lead could get nothing ; but you get only a few that way in a week. The big catches, which come about once in a twelvemonth, are got in deep water with seven-pound leads on a hand-line ; and the mere physical strain of that kind of fishing is pretty hard, with the heavy wet lines and the drag of the lead, and the perpetual hauling with fingers sore with the salt water. The plain fact is that not one man in twenty, perhaps not one in two hundred, ever really makes a bass-fisher. Of all the men at St. Betts, there are only two who count, and they are the owner of the *Charlotte* and his brother. And the others know it. You may watch the St. Betts fleet out at sea and discover how far most of the boats trust their own judgment. The fish have gone off the feed, perhaps, for a quarter of an hour or more, but the fleet keeps sailing up and down, for one of the two brothers has his lines still in the water. Then you will notice a black hull and red sails suddenly separate from the rest, speeding with the lug hoisted instead of the trysail away to the south or the west. One of the brothers has seen a flicker that he knows on the horizon ; there is a shoal feeding a mile away, as he can tell by the flash of gulls' wings above it. He goes off alone, too quickly for the others to set sail and follow at once ; a minute or two more and the whole fleet is away stringing out after him.

A fisherman to gain and keep that confidence must be a man of character, and as the years go on, and the man becomes older and his trade harder, character scores its mark the deeper. I myself have seen nothing but the bright side of the St. Betts fishing : June sunlight, summer winds, summer thunder possibly, and a little rough water, and often very poor catches. A good day would be thirty pounds of bass ; the best day of the year might

be a hundred and fifty pounds, and the price paid for that by the fishmonger would bring out the whole St. Betts fleet the next morning at break of day—to carry back, possibly, ten shillings' worth of fish between them. The day before, when the great catch was made, there were perhaps only two boats bass-fishing—the two brothers' boats. That is the only way with the bass even in the best of weather—to have the lines in the water. The mackerel are no easier. If the mackerel come into the bay early in the season, that may make the difference between a fair and a bad summer. If they come in shoals in a day, that may be no better than if none came at all. A boat which could go out with hand-lines and catch twenty mackerel a day through June would not do badly, if she were the only boat catching fish; and then one day in July, possibly, there might be a dozen shoals sighted in the bay, all the boats out wild to net them, all the shoals netted in a few hours, and probably a few pence apiece at the end for the fishermen who had taken them from the water. When the St. Betts boats catch the mackerel in thousands and thousands, the thousands may very well fetch almost nothing. They have to be sent off by train as soon as they are out of the water, and if at the end of the journey they find a market in some large mining town there may be something over when the railway has pocketed the charge for freight. If the market were secure and the supply steady, there ought to be, indeed, an income for the little fishing-town. But the market prices depend on supplies which may come in any quantity from other places besides St. Betts; and as for trying to regulate the supply which they send themselves, the St. Betts fishermen might do it; but as a fact they do not and will not. The older and more experienced could do something, if the others would listen; but the younger, wilder men cannot leave a shoal unnetted if once it has come into the bay, even though they may never find a market for it. The needs of the little town itself are soon satisfied. On the day of a great catch you might not be able to find a buyer for your mackerel at twenty a penny. A week earlier, mackerel would very likely have been worth threepence or fourpence apiece.

Those are the chances of the summer, and on the St. Betts quays and the tides that fill St. Betts harbour you may see them taken by a man who is very silent, whom other fishermen watch in silence when he strides a little grimly with his catch to the fishmonger, and who spends his evening leaning on the wall

outside his cottage, looking out to sea. And the chances of the winter? The winter brings its own weather: a week of light winds, perhaps, and six more of winds too high for a boat to put out at all; days of rain and of cold, and no other way of getting fish but with the lines down behind the boat, paid out and drawn in to the pull of the seven-pound deep-sea leads; dark winter mornings, and winter evenings of a length which we with lamps and books could not measure. For he cannot read; all his schooling was got, long before board-schools, in his father's boat, learning the trade of a fisherman and a sailor. He sits and goes over his tackle—sits and thinks.

The weather would not matter. The dark would not matter. But the winter is something new. The winter means something now which it did not mean ten years ago. For the winter fishing is ended—ended and over, and never possible for any St. Betts fisherman any more. The fish are gone. The cod, the conger, the skate, the rays, the bream—the cod and conger above all have been swept clean from the fishing-grounds. The trawlers have made an end of everything. Eight or nine years ago, before the trawlers discovered where the St. Betts long-line fishermen made their big catches, there was a living to be made in the winter out of cod and conger—a better living than in the summer with the mackerel and bass. Ask the owner of the *Charlotte* what the winters were like in the good old days, and he will tell you that nineteen years ago, the year in which she was built, the *Charlotte* once caught a hundred and five codfish in a single day on the long line—a mile or more of line set with hooks at intervals. He used to think nothing, then, of a day's catch of forty or fifty cod, besides conger; once he brought home fourteen hundredweight of conger, piled in the boat so high that he spent most of his time sailing home in knocking the brutes' heads back from the side of the boat. These are not mere fishermen's memories: you are told of nothing more than plain facts; you can verify them from the fishmonger's ledgers. I have before me a few pages from a small, much-stained account-book, with records in it of the catches of the winters of 1900 and 1901. Here is the best week's fishing I can find in 1900:

Nov. 19: 525 lbs. conger, 2*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.*; skate, 9*d.*; 1 doz. and 7 rays, 6*s.* 4*d.*; cod, 2*s.* 6*d.*; 1 bream, 3*d.*; total, 3*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Nov. 20: 429 lbs. conger, 2*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.*; 8 rays, 2*s.* 8*d.*; skate, 6*d.*; ling and pollack, 2*s.*; total, 2*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.*

Nov. 21 : 762 lbs. conger, 3*l*. 19*s*. 4*d*. ; 1 doz. and 7 rays, 6*s*. 4*d*. ; 2 skate, 1*s*. 3*d*. ; ling, 6*d*. ; total, 4*l*. 17*s*. 5*d*.

Nov. 22 : 600 lbs. conger, 3*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*. ; 10 rays, 3*s*. 4*d*. ; 4 skate, 3*s*. 6*d*. ; total, 3*l*. 10*s*. 4*d*.

Nov. 23 : 90 lbs. conger, 9*s*. 5*d*. ; skate, 2*s*. 6*d*. ; 1 doz. rays, 4*s*. ; ling, 1*s*. ; total, 16*s*. 11*d*.

The total for the five days comes to 14*l*. 19*s*. And here is the last record of a week's catch of cod :

Jan. 7th, 1901 : 9 cod, 1*l*. 7*s*. 6*d*. Jan. 8th : 3 cod, 7*s*. 6*d*. Jan. 9th : 3 cod, 7*s*. ; skate, 2*s*. 6*d*. Jan. 10th : 2 cod, 6*s*. Jan. 11th : 2 cod, 7*s*. ; total for the week, 2*l*. 17*s*. 6*d*.

Two or three fish a day is a different thing from forty or fifty, but it was a living. And, of course, the full weeks paid for the blank, and the winter weather was no better ten or twenty years ago than it is now. But those spacious days of cod and conger are over, and the occupation of the St. Betts fisherman is gone. His long lines are idle—two miles of them. It was at best a clumsy old-fashioned way of taking fish—would the steam trawlers say? Trawling is the more scientific method of supplying the market—would they argue that? The long-line fisherman should recognise facts : he should realise that the steam trawlers working Sunday to Sunday have ended the livelihood he got from fishing ; and he should determine, since he can get nothing more with the *Charlotte* when the bass-fishing ends in the autumn, to lay her up for the winter and look out for some other way of earning bread-and-butter for his wife and the grandchildren who live with him—wages for boots and knives, for instance, or a job at the gas-works. Very sound advice doubtless, and advice, perhaps, which he will some day take, with the pride of sixty years in his pocket. Meanwhile, the *Charlotte* lies at her moorings, and, when wind and weather allow it, goes out down Channel gaily, as you may see watching her from the shore. She is the fastest boat in St. Betts waters, and last season she had a new suit of sails.

Is there no chance that the winter fishing may improve again? The *Charlotte* goes out to try if there is a chance. But the steam trawlers, I am afraid, have done their work—work, too, which St. Betts boats even with a trawl would never do, for the steam trawlers from other ports do not even give the ground a rest on Sundays, and on Sundays all the St. Betts men are at home. Well, bread-and-butter costs no less in the winter than in the

summer; and I have in my mind the case of a stalwart young fisherman who gave up helping his father-in-law in the *Charlotte* last year because he could not go empty-handed to his wife through the winter. So he has got a place at the gas-works, and though he is paler than he was, and has had some trouble with his knees, he earns good money week by week. Then, remembering him, I think of the man who has sailed the St. Betts waters since he could climb over a gunwale; who knows those racing tides as no other man on all that coast-line knows them; who has steered the *Charlotte* or the little *Maud* year after year to the tumbling waters of the great Drift Rock out at sea. The winter fishing has gone. He will wait on, then, for the summer fishing—for the bass which not even the trawlers can take; for the visitor, perhaps, who will go bass-fishing with him in the *Charlotte*; for the money which the best summer season for years is to bring him. He will wait for that; he will wait if he can.

I think of him as I saw him last. He has his hand on the *Charlotte's* tiller, and the *Charlotte* is slipping across the tide to the point; there is a breeze blowing, and the bubbles hiss under her bows. Ahead of us, making down the Sound, a trawler runs before the wind; her red canvas is full, her paint is fresh and black and green, and she sails down the Sound into the west, to waters farther than the *Charlotte* reaches; surely to Eldorado. 'The fishmonger, she belongs to. She cost thirteen hundred pounds,' he answers; and there is somewhere a note of pride in his voice that St. Betts could afford so much. The trawler is away down the Sound; the breeze freshens and the *Charlotte* tugs at her helm; the fisherman gives some short order to his mate, and searches the horizon for the feeding gulls.

ERIC PARKER.

*THE SCOTTISH HOMES AND HAUNTS*  
OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

FAR away in an island in the Pacific, towards the end of his life, Louis Stevenson would sometimes shut his eyes and imagine himself at home again. With an almost passionate insistence his thoughts would go back to the Edinburgh he knew he would never see again—to the old houses and streets and gardens; the faces and voices of his youth. He had never loved Edinburgh over-well, and he had sometimes hated it; to him it had been a city of 'icy winds and conventions,' where he had spent his desultory boyhood, and what he himself has called 'the wild and bitterly unhappy days of my youth.' How often had he leaned over the North Bridge and looked down at the great railway station beneath it, and watched the trains disappearing into the tunnel, on their way to the sunny South! How often had he longed to be in one of those outgoing trains—once and for all to shake the dust of Edinburgh from his feet; to cut himself free! And in those days there was nothing for it but to turn homeward, with his head bent against the wind, or perhaps to turn round by the Calton Hill and the dismal gaol, into the graveyard where David Hume lies buried—the graveyard that was a particular haunt of Louis Stevenson's, where 'in hot fits of youth I came to be unhappy.' And then a day arrived when he was 'ordered south'; and after that Edinburgh had never held him long—he was always going away and coming back again. He had travelled far beyond the limits of those trains he had watched from the North Bridge—farther than most men. He had lived under many roofs, including the canopy of heaven. Like old Langland's Piers Plowman, he had gone 'wide in this world,' but not like him 'wonders to hear'; for though he had, in those North Bridge moments, yearned after wonders, and though, whenever a 'ferly' did befall him, there was no man could make more copy out of it than he, Louis Stevenson could manufacture his own wonders, wherever he was:



An' Fancy traivels far afield  
 To gaither a' that gairdens yield  
 O' run an' Simmer :  
 To hearten up a dowie chield,  
 Fancy's the limmer !

His wanderings had been in search of health, or, rather—for he had early realised that health was denied him—in search of climate; a climate in which a poor literary genius, who was also a very sick man, might go on living something that might be called Life—for another decade or so. And at last he seemed to have found it. In his Samoan home, the Vailima of his Prayers and Letters, Louis Stevenson had surrounded himself with all that human love and devotion and intellectual sympathy could achieve: with sunshine, warmth, and brilliant colours, the crimson-lake and prussian-blue he had loved from his childhood; and yet all these things would vanish, and in dreams he would see again a grey stone town-house in Heriot Row, a grey old manse in Colinton Dell, and a little grey stone cottage at the foot of the Pentland Hills.

These three houses are all extant, and wonderfully little changed in appearance, considering how cities grow and alter and overspread their boundaries nowadays. Heriot Row is still the same prosperous and dignified row of town houses that it was more than fifty years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson went to live at No. 17 with their little seven-year-old 'Smout.' It was, even then, half a century old, for it had been the earliest extension of the New Town, after the building of the three great streets—Princes Street, George Street, and Queen Street—on the northern slopes of the city towards the Firth of Forth, and it was the beginning of what was then called the 'Second New Town.' Queen Street, facing north, looks down on Heriot Row, and Heriot Row, facing south, looks up at Queen Street; and between the two there is now a fine wide belt of public gardens, common to both. It is now in the centre of a city: roofs and spires and chimneys stretch away for miles, a blue-grey haze, in all directions. But Louis Stevenson's grandfather, the old minister of Colinton, liked to remember that he had played in the cornfields, and eaten strawberries and cream, on the very site of Heriot Row. Lord Cockburn and Jeffrey had stood in Queen Street on still nights and listened to the 'ceaseless, rural corncrake, nesting happily in the dewy grass.'

The first house to be built in Heriot Row—it was about the year 1802—was No. 13; and Robert Chambers, in his 'Walks in Edinburgh,' says that the people of the 'First New Town' considered it 'a mad speculation,' and that the family who first lived in this house was regarded, even by the people living in Queen Street, just above it, as 'out of the world.' The Highland Lady, in her Memoirs, says that for a long time the land between Heriot Row and Queen Street was left as mere waste land, 'unsightly grass,' where, from Monday morning to Saturday night, the washerwomen of the town came to hang out their clothes to dry. This was the view from the drawing-room windows of Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' and Alison, the author of 'Essays on Taste'!

About 1815, when the Grants of Rothiemurchus were living at No. 4 for an Edinburgh season, Mrs. Grant 'wound up their gaieties' by giving a fashionable rout, which 'made even more stir than was intended.' For Mr. Grant, who was a Protectionist, had been up to London and voted on the Corn Law Bill, and on his return, on the very evening of his wife's party, the mob came down to Heriot Row. Stones rattled in at the windows, and angry voices rose above the hum of conversation and the strains of the music. Several of the ladies promptly fainted. The military arrived on the scene; the mob was dispersed by the dragoons, and a guard of soldiers left behind ate up all the supper that had been prepared for the guests, besides a round of beef that was 'fortunately found in the larder.'

Not till about 1830 was the 'unsightly grass' railed in and planted; and so delighted were the inhabitants of Heriot Row with their new gardens that 'evening fêtes' began to be held there. Lanterns were hung among the trees and flowers, and 'festive groups of ladies' might be seen (through the railings) 'passing lightly to and fro.' Robert Chambers, writing at the time, certifies that it was all highly respectable: 'a degree of harmony and freedom,' he says, 'has hitherto characterised every such occasion.' How long the inhabitants of Heriot Row continued these high jinks, and what ultimately put an end to them, is not recorded; but when Thomas Stevenson took his house in 1857 things must have quieted down, and Heriot Row and its railed-in gardens must have looked pretty much as they do to-day. It is probable that Mr. Stevenson, with his delicate wife and child, chose his house for its southern exposure. To

this day the pavement in front of Heriot Row is one of the sunniest walks in Edinburgh.

No. 17 looks very much as it did when the Stevensons lived there; and it must be remembered that they lived there for thirty years, and that this was Louis Stevenson's home from childhood to manhood. The house was given up only after his father's death in 1887, when Louis Stevenson said good-bye to Edinburgh for the last time, and Mrs. Stevenson, shutting the door of her old home behind her, followed her son to the ends of the earth.

There is the nursery window, looking out over the gardens to Queen Street above! How often in those 'terrible long nights,' when the child could not sleep for coughing, has 'Cummy' lifted him in her arms and carried him to that window to look out into the darkness, across the dark belt of gardens, at Queen Street, all dark, too, save where here and there a little light shone out in some high-up window; and 'they would tell each other' that perhaps some other little sleepless child was there, in its nurse's arms, waiting for morning and for the sounds of the carts coming in.

Poor little idol! This was your Temple; you never had such another! Here in this house it was that every little word and act of yours was recorded in a young mother's diary. 'My jeweldest of mothers,' you call her, in one of your first letters to her. Here your father, the 'man of somewhat antique strain,' stood outside your nursery door, with pencil and paper, to take down your little 'songstries,' composed and crooned to yourself in your child's bed. As for the devotion of Alison Cunningham, the whole world knows it: 'my second mother, my first wife.' Louis Stevenson has been dead sixteen years; but 'Cummy' is living still in Edinburgh, sole survivor now of that little Heriot Row world of four.

The lamp-post is still in front of No. 17:

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,  
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more.

All Scottish children, in those old days of the ladder and the lantern, knew the refrain 'Leerie, Leerie, licht the lamp'; but it is to be doubted if ever a child of them expended the passionate human interest on any Leerie of his acquaintance that little 'Smout' did on that lamplighter of Heriot Row. There is the

window where, in the dusk of the winter afternoons, about the time the nursery tea was getting ready, he would take up his position to watch for the lamplighter as he came hurrying up the street with his ladder and lantern. Even then the little fellow was a Bohemian : even then he was looking forward to a day

. . . . when I am stronger, and can choose what I'm to do,  
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you !

And is there anything more touching in child literature than that appeal, from the monotonous safety of a nursery window?—

And O ! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,  
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him good-night !

Louis Stevenson always remembered, with a kind of melancholy disgust, the walks he used to take with his nurse, when he was a child, in the streets of Edinburgh : the 'trite street-corners, commonplace, well-to-do houses, shabby suburban tan-fields, and rainy beggarly slums,' which, as a small boy, walking at 'Cummy's' side, 'gaping on the universe,' he had 'taken in at a gulp.'

Had he but known it, he was never to be well, and seldom really happy, in this city of his birth—Burns's 'Scotia's darling seat' and Scott's 'mine own romantic town!' He was to rail at her, to weary of her, to leave her ; and yet, in those days long afterwards, when he shut his eyes and imagined himself at home again, how did he remember her?—

I can still behold the profile of her towers and chimneys, and the long trail of her smoke against the sunset ; I can still hear those strains of martial music that she goes to bed with, ending each day, like an act of an opera, to the notes of bugles ; . . . the august airs of the castle on its rock, nocturnal passages of lights and trees, the sudden song of the blackbird in a suburban lane, rosy and dusky winter sunsets, the uninhabited splendours of the early dawn, the building up of the city on a misty day, house above house, spire above spire, until it was received into a sky of softly glowing clouds, and seemed to pass on and upwards, by fresh grades and rises, city beyond city, a New Jerusalem, bodily scaling heaven. . . .

But cities, except in remembrance, never suited Louis Stevenson. His child's paradise was the manse at Colinton, where his grandfather, old Dr. Balfour, was parish minister. In those days there was no suburban railway-line winding through Colinton Dell by the side of the Water of Leith. Whenever 'Master Lou' paid his visits to the manse (and he was very often there) he travelled with all the dignity of pre-railway days, in the dear old

manse phaeton. His grandfather, with his silver hair and beautiful old face—a face that his children inherited—was an object of reverence and awe to his grandchildren, who gazed at him every Sunday in the pulpit, ‘the observed of all observers,’ and were sometimes allowed to sit with him over his nuts and port, but who at other times saw little of him; for he spent most of his time alone in the study among his ‘bloodless books,’ writing his sermons, and letters to his children who were scattered over the earth. The management of all things under the manse roof devolved on his unmarried daughter, the ‘Aunt Jane’ of the Balfour family. Aunt Jane—the ‘Chief of Aunts’—was an altogether delightful and fascinating person. In her youth she had been ‘a wit and a beauty,’ but she had also been considered ‘very imperious, managing, and self-sufficient.’ As time went on, the Chief of Aunts settled down into the cleverest, kindest, and most comfortable member of her family; and the brothers and sisters, to whom she had seemed in the old days to be something of a ‘wilful empress,’ now sent home, from India and elsewhere, little batches of the second generation—sometimes with an ayah attached, and sometimes without—quite sure their children would be safe and happy under Aunt Jane’s wing. According to Louis Stevenson, there must sometimes have been ‘half a score’ of these young people at the manse. Small wonder that the old minister took refuge among his books! But the children were in paradise; and Louis Stevenson found himself, in Sir Sidney Colvin’s happy phrase, ‘something of a small sickly prince’ among these cousins. ‘This little country manse,’ wrote Louis Stevenson long afterwards, ‘was the centre of the world; and Aunt Jane represented Charity.’

Off the long low dining-room of the manse opened a store-room that surely takes its place in literature with Sabine’s linen-press in Freytag’s ‘Soll und Haben.’ Who that has once read of it will forget that ‘most voluptuous place,’ where, about eleven o’clock every morning, a little delicate child received ‘three Albert biscuits and some calf-foot jelly in a black pot with a sort of raised white pattern over it?’ Who can forget the ‘piles of biscuit-boxes and spice-tins, the rack for buttered eggs, the little window that let in sunshine and the flickering shadow of leaves, and the strong sweet odour of everything that pleaseth the taste of man?’ But the Chief of Aunts did more than feed the child—this little only child of her youngest sister. Tin soldiers and other childish

delights would arrive from town every time 'the phaeton went in'; and in the evening after dinner, when the lamp was lit and Aunt Jane sat down in the rocking-chair to read her book, little 'Lou' was allowed to creep behind the sofa, to draw out from the lowest shelf of the bookcase a volume of Joanna Baillie's plays, to peep at romantic scenes and passages and enact them all in a whisper, to himself; or to crawl stealthily about in the darkest corners of the room, 'rifle in hand, like a hunter in a lonely bivouac.' What joy!—and what joy, too, on a lovely warm summer evening, to climb about among the chairs and sofas that had been spread all day on the grass plot in the manse garden on the occasion of a grand spring-cleaning of the manse parlour! The Chief of Aunts was there, duster in hand; and little Louis had brought her a bone, or skull, picked from a cabinet of curiosities. Part of an albatross? What was an albatross?—'and then she described to me this great bird nearly as big as a house, that you saw out miles away from any land, sleeping above the waste and desolate ocean.' And then and there the Chief of Aunts told Louis Stevenson about the 'Ancient Mariner', and, duster in hand, declaimed for him 'with great verve' words he ever afterwards remembered:

With my cross-bow  
I shot the albatross.

The scene of this little drama, enacted so long ago, is not much changed; though some changes must happen, even in a manse garden, in the course of half a century. The church and manse of Colinton are nestled together in Colinton Dell, a little below the village of Colinton and the old stone bridge that here crosses the Water of Leith. The church stands slightly higher than the manse, the garden of which, indeed, almost touches the bank of the stream. Wooded heights rise above the stream that murmurs its way over a stony bed towards Edinburgh and the sea. The wood paths and the green undergrowth, the old mills of Louis Stevenson's recollection, with their wheels and sluices and weirs, are all there still. The church, within the last year or two has been rebuilt; but the old churchyard about it is the same; and the gravestones, banked up on a level with the top of the garden wall, are still visible from the manse garden, as they were in Louis Stevenson's childhood. Do children still watch from the manse windows after dusk to see the 'spunkies' playing



among the graves? And are they still disappointed that somehow the 'spunkies' are never to be seen?

In Colinton Dell the rooks are always cawing and circling in the tops of the old trees, and the sound of the water—the stream always murmuring over the stones—is like a lullaby. One forgets that a railway-station is near at hand; that houses in gardens are building all around; and that most of the inhabitants of Colinton are now 'on the telephone.' The little country village is becoming a garden suburb of a city; and why should it not be so? It is fifty years since old Dr. Balfour died and the parish passed into another's keeping—fifty years since the Chief of Aunts handed over the key of that store-room to another *châtelaine*, and said good-bye to the garden of her old home 'steeped in sunshine.' And here, in the recess of the churchyard-wall, banked up on a level with the wall of the manse garden, is the grave of the old minister, for thirty-seven years minister of Colinton parish. Here is his name, and the name of the wife who died so many years before him, and the names of the children born to them in this manse and sent out from here into the world; and here—last name of all—is the name of the Chief of Aunts: from this spot you may look down on the very bit of garden where she stood on that lovely warm summer evening, among the chairs and sofas on the lawn, and declaimed 'with great verve' (duster in hand) that line of the 'Ancient Mariner' to little Louis Stevenson, listening entranced.

And what are the words inscribed on this grave of the Balfours?—

*Umbra labitur et nos Umbrae.*

Louis Stevenson's education was, at best, a desultory affair. Constantly kept back by illnesses—taken away, for his mother's health and his own, to the Riviera and the South of England—he was always having private tutors for short periods, or going to one after another of the private schools in Edinburgh, where he made no particular mark, though everybody seemed to like him. Mrs. Stevenson used to say she believed his masters liked talking to him better than teaching him. Books were to this boy school-masters and playmates in one. Those were happy days with 'Cummy' in the Heriot Row nursery, over 'Cassell's Family Paper' and the Reverend Mr. McCheyne! And he would listen for hours while his mother read aloud to him, though he would



not himself have chosen 'Macbeth' on a long, wet, windy, depressing Edinburgh day. In 'A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured' he has introduced the world to the dear old stationer's shop in Leith Walk where he spent his first pocket-money on buying the little paper volumes of 'Skelton's Juvenile Drama'; and it is wonderful what hauls he made (the Waverley Novels among them) in his father's library in Heriot Row—that austere place where 'it was only in holes and corners that anything really legible existed as by accident.' French he seems to have learnt on the Riviera. At thirteen he was deep in Dumas; and after this Charles Lamb and Herbert Spencer; Hazlitt, Montaigne, Horace, and Pepys; John Bunyan, Shakespeare by the way, Burns, Smollett, and Fielding; Keats, Heine, and Wordsworth; Defoe and Sir Thomas Browne; Hawthorne and Walt Whitman;—surely the world of literature was opened to Louis Stevenson!

And meantime he was himself a man of letters. At six he dictated to his mother a History of Moses. At thirteen he had written a series of blood-curdling romances, with an entire love-story in parenthesis: 'But I forgot to tell you that I had made love to a beautiful girl even in one day, and from all I knew she loved me.' And the crude little paper on the 'Pentland Rising'—originally a story, too, but altered into historic form to please his father—was published anonymously when he was only sixteen!

It had been taken for granted that the son of 'Lighthouse Stevenson' was to be an engineer, and bitter was the disappointment when the parents began to see in their boy only the probability of 'failed author.' But, with the provision that one more advocate should put up his brass plate in Heriot Row, Louis Stevenson's 'impulse to letters' was allowed. And indeed nothing else was possible; he had played truant at the University to such an extent that his professors—old friends of his father, some of them—were sore put to it to know what to do, when they were asked, at the end of a session, for a 'certificate of attendance'—*not to make any use of; only to show to his father.*

What is called 'Edinburgh society' never understood Louis Stevenson. It saw in him merely 'a queer lad in a velvet coat,' who let his hair grow uncomfortably long, disliked dinners and dances, was always alternating between Balzac and the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and made his father and mother wretched with his religious difficulties and his odd Bohemian

ways. There were, of course, one or two exceptions. Professor Fleeming Jenkin, the new Professor of Engineering, had recently arrived from London; and Mrs. Jenkin, paying her 'return call' on Mrs. Stevenson in Heriot Row<sup>1</sup> one winter afternoon in 1868, had discovered that this boy of eighteen, who looked sixteen, was a poet—a 'young Heine with the Scottish accent.' And from that day Louis Stevenson owed some of his happiest hours in Edinburgh to Professor and Mrs. Jenkin's sympathy and kindly hospitality. But, on the whole, 'Edinburgh society' did not in the least appreciate Louis Stevenson; it could not understand why Lighthouse Stevenson's son should persistently give it the cold shoulder, and prefer wandering about in odd places, among queer company, in the dirtiest parts of the Old Town.

But to Louis Stevenson, and to those who loved him, those were the 'wild and bitterly unhappy days of my life.'

And what was to bring him out of his slough of despond?—friends who could understand; love that could understand; the writings of men who had understood.

'Books were the proper remedy,' he wrote, ' . . . books of a large design, shadowing the complexity of that game of consequences to which we all sit down, the hanger-back not least . . . '

And so, slowly and laboriously, he pursued the real business of his life; and whether in odd places, among queer company, in the dirtiest parts of the Old Town, or high up among the juniper and heather of the Pentland Hills, Louis Stevenson—long hair, velvet coat, and all—carried about with him always a volume of his 'Catalogus Librorum Carissimorum' in one pocket, and a pencil and a penny version-book in the other. 'Thus,' he says, '*I lived with words.*'

It was in 1867, when Louis Stevenson was seventeen, that his parents took the lease of a little cottage at the foot of the Pentland Hills, about five miles south of Edinburgh. Swanston Cottage was quite a little place in those days, only just big enough, indeed, for the family—the faithful 'Cummy' being still attached—with one spare room where Louis Stevenson could put up a friend. It was a quaint little place, originally a mere thatched cottage, dating from the old Covenanting days. It, and the land about it, belonged to the city of Edinburgh, the burn that came

<sup>1</sup> Since this was written, the house, No. 17 Heriot Row, is once more in the market. A board is up at one of the windows, "For Sale."

down the hillside and flowed past the cottage having, since about the middle of the eighteenth century, supplied the city with water. The old waterhouse, roofed with flagstones, and the waterman's cottage beside it, stood just within the wooden gates of the cottage grounds; and the cottage itself had, it seems, formerly been used as a kind of picnic-place for the city magnates when they periodically drove there to inspect the waterworks. Old trees surrounded the place, and the meadows in front of it were ringed in by old stone walls. Bow-windows looked southward to the Pentland Hills; the back of the cottage towards the north and Edinburgh; and north and west it was sheltered by a knoll, on which grew some half a dozen wind-blown fir-trees. From a little quarry behind this knoll the cottage had, about the year 1821, been rebuilt; and one of the town bailies, with antiquarian tastes, had brought out some of the old discarded stone crockets and gargoyles from St. Giles's, then also undergoing 'restoration', and had fixed them on the roof of the cottage and along the terrace of the 'quarry-garden.'

This was the place that for fourteen years continued to be the Stevensons' summer cottage—the 'kintry hame' to which Louis Stevenson became so deeply attached. Here he came and went: at first, when he was still going to be an engineer; then, when he was reading for the Scottish Bar and debating in the Speculative Society, in that Turkey-carpeted room within the walls of Edinburgh University; then, after visits to England, where he had met Sir Sidney Colvin and other friends, who were so literary and sympathetic and kind; again, after he had been 'ordered south' and had wintered alone at Mentone; later, after he was writing for 'Macmillan' and the 'Cornhill,' after visits to London, and the literary companionships of the Savile Club; and lastly, he came back to it from the 'artistic haunts' of the Forest of Fontainebleau, where, at six-and-twenty, he had met his fate—the woman,

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,  
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,  
Steel-true and blade-straight,  
The great artificer  
Made my mate.

To this little 'kintry hame' among the Pentlands, to the parents and their quiet life, to the old Scots gardener, and the shepherd and his dog, and the dear Calvinistic Cummy, he always

came back. Braced up to fresh literary efforts, determined to make his name and carve his fortunes—somehow—'Velvet Coat' returned to those hillsides, where the whaups were crying, and the wee rabbits of 'this year's making' darted across his path and disappeared into the juniper-thickets. He would climb up the burnside to its tiny source, and there, high on Halkerside, he would sprinkle a handful of the water of the spring upon the grassy turf; it was his little pet Pagan rite. High on the Pentlands, 'So you sit, like Jupiter upon Olympus, and look down from afar upon men's life . . .'

But it didn't do. In the autumn of 1879, Louis Stevenson, following his Fate, suddenly and almost without a good-bye, went off to California; and shortly afterwards the people in Edinburgh heard that the Stevensons had given up Swanston Cottage.

All this was thirty years ago. And to-day?—to-day, Swanston Cottage is still a 'kintry hame.' It is no longer the sombre little place it was in 1867. It has been enlarged and greatly improved, and is now the pretty summer cottage of one of Edinburgh's most honoured citizens. And kind hearts, literary sympathy, and an old family friendship have done their best to keep Louis Stevenson still the Spirit of the Place. His own little room is held sacred to his memory; its walls are hung with his letters and his portraits. The tiny curl, clipped by 'Cummy' from a baby's head, is as carefully preserved as are the great spurred boots worn on the Last Ride in Samoa. There is one pathetic little relic. Not long ago, Lord Guthrie's gardener, digging a bit of ground in the meadow in front of the cottage, struck his spade on something he thought to be a stone; but on examination it proved to be a little old golf-ball, caked in earth, and when the ball was washed the initials 'R. L. S.' were discovered cut deeply in its surface. It stands proudly now on a little pedestal of its own in Louis Stevenson's room. In what mood was he, when he played that little ball, lost it in the grass of the meadow, and looked for it and could not find it again?

Towards the end of his life in Samoa, Louis Stevenson laid part of the plot of 'St. Ives' at Swanston; and the chapter called 'Swanston Cottage' shows how exactly he remembered it. When he went away from it he was still only at the beginning of things: all his best work, all the novels that have made the name of Robert Louis Stevenson known and loved in two hemispheres, were still unwritten; but this quiet home among

the Pentlands had taken a hold of his imagination and his character that, to his dying day, was never to be relaxed.

The rose-garden and the Queen Anne's garden and the quarry-garden are still there, and the terrace-walk, with the stone crockets, and the dear old mild-eyed broken-nosed gargoyles, and the very seat where Louis Stevenson used to sit with his Horace or Montaigne, looking at the Pentland Hills.

I wadna gi'en a chucky-stane  
For a' I'd read.

And what a pleasant seat it is to-day!—

Frae the high hills the curlew ca's,  
The sheep gang baaing by the wa's;  
Or whiles a clan o' roosty craws  
Cangle thegither;  
The wild bees seek the gairden raws,  
Weariet wi' heather.

There is a tradition that the last time Louis Stevenson visited Swanston Cottage he drove out from Edinburgh with his wife to show the place to her and to bid it good-bye. While Mrs. Louis Stevenson was talking to their kind hosts (Dr. Taylor was then the tenant of Swanston Cottage) Louis Stevenson—then, as always, an invalid—slipped out of the house and into the garden by himself. As the time passed and he did not return, his wife went out to find him and beg him to come indoors again; but she discovered him standing on the old knoll, above the quarry garden, high up among the wind-blown fir-trees—standing as if in a dream, looking out upon the hills; and, seeing him there, his wife came softly away—a little vexed—back into the house without him.

It has been thought that he was perhaps then stringing the stanzas of his 'Ille Terrarum'; but others have thought it possible that, knowing this would in all probability be his good-bye to Swanston, he was taking a last long look at the Hills of Home:

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,  
Hills of home! and to hear again the call;  
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the pee-wees crying,  
And hear no more at all.

FLORA MASSON.

### *TAMING ANIMALS.*

IT is curious and somewhat humiliating to recall that civilised man has added scarcely one useful creature to the list of those which he inherited from his savage forefathers. Even for the few which have been introduced to Europe since prehistoric times, as buffalos, cats, poultry, no credit is due to him—they were tamed elsewhere. But all the earth has been explored in these days—new birds and beasts beyond counting have become familiar. It might have been assumed that in such a host many would be found worth domesticating. But it is not so apparently—of all these animals only zebras and ostriches have been turned to the service of man ; and the latter can only be called tame in the sense that they do not fear human beings.

The zebra promises to be serviceable. There is a stud at Dar-es-Salaam in German East Africa, so large and so prosperous that applicants can be supplied with colts not only for riding and driving but for 'field-work,' as is officially announced. They are broken more easily than horses ; Count Götzen, Governor of the Colony, rode one which had been saddled only three months before, and he writes with enthusiasm of its docility and pleasant paces. Apparently the zebra 'has come to stay,' in Africa at least ; indeed, Mr. Walter Rothschild used to drive a pair about the neighbourhood of Tring a few years ago. And the hybrid of horse and zebra, called zebula, is said to be more excellent than the mule for every purpose—quicker, better-tempered, and stronger of constitution. A specimen may be seen at the Zoological Gardens—a strong, well-shaped beast. But I gather that it has not been ridden nor used in any way.

At the same time it must be remembered that the domestication of zebras is not a new idea. Mr. Theal cites an Order of the Dutch Council of Polity, dated so far back as 1742, forbidding the slaughter of these animals under a penalty of £10—a great sum then ; the reason assigned was that 'the sight of them on the veldt is pleasing, and Burghers ought to tame the young.' Some Burghers did, evidently, for, as soon as newspapers came into fashion, zebras for sale were advertised not infrequently. Yet they never became



common—one might put it they did not catch on. Boers are unenterprising, but no fools—especially in matters of this sort. A beast suitable for riding and transport which is immune to the tsetse fly would have enormous value; even in my time a 'salted horse,' one which had been bitten and survived, fetched £100 if it could only toddle. But zebras were countless, to be got for the trouble of catching, in the eighteenth century and long afterwards. One cannot but suspect that the shrewd Boers found they did not answer in the long run. However, the experiment is being tried again.

It is not altogether unreasonable to doubt whether elephants would have been tamed by Europeans. Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English have been established in Africa four centuries and more, but one may venture to say that none of them have made an effort to utilise the elephant up to the present time. It is roundly asserted in books not out of date in the publisher's point of view that the African species cannot be trained. Cape Colony was full of elephants when the Dutch arrived, and they were familiar with them in India. To the present day we can find no use for them alive. Twenty years ago I remember two were actually imported from Burmah for road-making—at great expense, of course; they promptly died, and no one thought of replacing them from the native stock. The Germans are said to be taming elephants now. A single one has been employed for some years at a Mission in French Congoland. One might almost think that the intractability of the African species was a fiction circulated to cover the stupid indolence of the authorities. Its falsehood has been recognised for a generation at least, but nothing is done. Tavernier mentions casually that there was a regular trade in African elephants supplied from Melinda, on the East Coast, to India. An inscription lately discovered at Heroopolis states that Ptolemy Philadelphus sent a general with troops to the land of the Troglodytes to catch elephants. The expedition was notably successful, bringing back many captives.

Everybody knows that our domestic animals descend from wild species, but all the same we are apt to regard them as gifts of Nature; not quite unreasonably, for the pedigree is lost as a rule. I am not competent to treat the matter scientifically, even if this were the place; but in a long course of miscellaneous reading, and much experience in lands comparatively little known, I have gathered a store of odd facts which may amuse.



One hesitates to speak of cats, when so many books have been devoted to them of late years, but perhaps something new may be found even in that case. For example, some may be surprised to hear that cats were rare in Europe so late as the Christian era. Schoolboys able, and willing, to read Aristophanes may incline to mutter 'Bosh!' In the 'Peace,' a householder tells his wife to cook some game in the larder unless the *galé* has carried it off—'I heard him there just now, bustling about and making a noise.' Other passages show that the *galé* lived in the house, that it stole things, ate mice and birds, and did so much mischief that slaves made it an excuse for breakages and mysterious disappearances. Obviously a cat, and so the word is translated, unless by those who have studied Professor Rolleston's careful review of the evidence. He proves that the *galé* was the white-breasted marten, which is still favoured as a useful pet in the Levant.

It is not likely, however, that the cat was unknown even in those days, when trade had been so brisk in the Mediterranean for ages, as we have discovered lately. Perhaps it was not so tame then, or the *galé* may have been preferred on its merits, for that is a charming creature by all accounts. If the famous Etruscan tomb at Cervetri is as old as some archæologists believe, there can be no doubt, for a cat unmistakable is represented there with a mouse in her jaws; but we have not any real assurance of the date. When cats became common in Rome they were certainly called *felis*. But the Rev. Mr. Houghton ventures to say that 'in all the voluminous writings of Cicero that word occurs but once, and then he is speaking of Egyptian cats.' Ovid also uses it only once, Pliny several times, as might be expected; but he wrote fifty years at least after the Christian era. Nevertheless Pliny advises the husbandman to sprinkle his seed corn with water in which the carcase of a *felis* has been boiled, in order to scare away the mice. This recipe would not apply to a cat, which has no smell—whilst the single objection to the *galé*, as to all other weasels, is its stench.

There is no reference to cats, I think, in the Old Testament nor in the Cuneiform records, so far. But the Jews must have been acquainted with them, since they were common in Egypt before the Exodus; and the Assyrians must have known them long before the fall of the Empire. For some reason they were not favoured. It cannot be because mice were not troublesome, for in the Egyptian legend of Sennacherib's rout, told by Herodotus,

mice which gnawed the bowstrings and the handles of the shields were substituted for the pestilence of Scripture. It is not so surprising that Sanscrit literature should contain no reference. Max Müller says: 'Cats were comparatively a recent introduction to India.'

That Europe received them from Egypt is indisputable, but a late discovery suggests, not to say proves, that the credit of taming a beast peculiarly savage must be bestowed elsewhere. A papyrus of the eleventh or twelfth dynasty, not less than 3,000 B.C., mentions cats among the articles imported from Nubia. But Professor Owen demonstrated many years ago that the Egyptian animal could not descend from the Nubian wild species. Did those savages obtain the specimens they bartered to Egypt from another people more distant? Perhaps—but it does not follow; a second wild species has been discovered in Nubia, and I am not aware that its anatomy has been scrutinised in this point of view. But there is something more. Professor Sayce reports that among the mummied cats sent to England from the great cemetery at Bubastis—a ship-load, for it was hoped that they would make invaluable manure—'naturalists have found no bones of the modern variety'; upon the other hand, several bronze images of cats turned up amongst the mummies, and 'they unmistakably represent the domestic animal.' These belonged to the Ptolemaic era, somewhat less ancient than that of the mummies probably. But it remains a puzzle. The history of cats is not so simple as one might have thought.

Doubtless they were tamed by savages, whether in Egypt or elsewhere. Darwin remarked in South America that the business of domesticating birds and animals captured is left to wild Indians; their settled kinsfolk cannot find the patience, unless in easy cases, as fledglings taken from the nest. He learned also that the work is done especially by the women—their gentle perseverance succeeds in time. When a fierce creature can be persuaded to take food from the lips it is nearly vanquished, and to effect this is the grand endeavour. But one may venture to say that the Indians do not waste their time over wild cats—fancy offering one's lips to those demons! If the original of our household puss partook of their nature it must have been tended with patient care for many generations before it could be handled—and some protest that cats are not really tame even now.

But it could not be tended from generation to generation.

Wild cats are very seldom induced to breed, and when that rare event happens the young ones are devoured with the utmost promptitude. But unless kittens were obtained there would be no advance, and whenever the succession failed all the weary task would have to be begun anew. One could not conceive a more hopeless enterprise. But we have still to learn what the original was—it might be not so ferocious. Possibly also the primeval savages who did the work had means of subduing it with which we are unacquainted.

Dogs must be omitted; they form a subject infinitely too large for me—as large as anthropology. Professor Steenstrup, of Copenhagen, ingeniously proved that even the men of the Kjekkenmødden Age had dogs. He found no remains which could be distinguished from those of wolves. But in the rubbish-heaps certain bones of wild cattle and deer are always missing. Pondering this fact, Steenstrup confined a number of dogs and gave them carcasses; they promptly accounted for the missing bones. It is very unlikely that wolves would always be on hand to consume them when the rubbish-heaps accumulated for generations.

Horses also must be treated with discretion, but a good many facts not generally known, though generally interesting, occur to mind. Of the American discoveries and scientific questions I have nothing to say. Wherever the horse came from, vast herds roamed the central plain of Europe after the Reindeer Age, and the inhabitants lived on them mostly. We have even a contemporary drawing, scratched upon a bone, which represents two naked men with spears stalking a couple of horses. The Cave of Solutré, in the Dordogne, Southern France, could scarcely accommodate more than half a dozen families, however tightly packed. But the entrance was protected by two walls of horse-bones, one a hundred and fifty feet long, ten high, and twelve thick; the other forty feet long and five high. M. Toussaint, who explored this remarkable shelter of primeval man, roughly computed the number of animals thus stacked as forty thousand. So many in one spot could hardly have been tame; and, if they were, a large proportion would be old. But every one was quite young, many of them foals. Evidently they had been killed in the chase, cut up and brought home for eating.

We should naturally conclude that the hunters were horsemen. Boys would jump upon the back of a quarry wounded and overtaken; the sport would teach them to ride, and presently they would

take to catching foals. All the steps of the process follow logically. But perhaps the first did not occur to our remote forefathers. Asiatics never thought of riding till they were infinitely more advanced; Gauls and Britons still clung to the chariot in Cæsar's time. The lake-dwellers were horsemen certainly—we find their bits and accoutrements. And they used the same breed of horse which the men of Solutré ate, as the bones show. But that was a thousand years later, perhaps two or three or more.

The horse is first seen on Egyptian monuments about 1600 B.C., harnessed to the chariot of the Sun. We cannot believe that it was never ridden in the long ages that followed before the Assyrian conquest. But is there any sort of evidence? The Bible knows nothing of horses until David's time. Certainly the animal was strangely slow in travelling westwards, for the Accads were acquainted with it at least a thousand years before. This fact alone would suggest that if any people used it for riding the example did not commend itself to their neighbours. But there is direct evidence. The Assyrians must have perceived the value of cavalry at the very outset, for they were masters of war and they did not lack horses. But the bas-reliefs recording the campaign of Shalmanesir in Elam always represent them fighting in chariots whilst the enemy are mounted. Still they did not profit by the lesson. M. Maspéro states that Sennacherib was the first to put soldiers on horseback, and then only in the form of mounted archers—moreover, riding was still such a desperate enterprise that a footman ran alongside with his hand upon the bridle, in case of accident, as the sculptures show.

This precaution was soon dropped. In a few years the great soldier perceived that a horseman can keep his seat even though both hands be occupied with the bow. But I think there is no suggestion of a charge with sword or lance in all the pictures of Assyrian warfare. Certainly there is nothing of the kind in Egypt, and the heroes of the 'Iliad' never mount their horses. It is a safe conclusion that riding is not by any means such an obvious practice as it seems to us.

We must recollect, however, that 'the Ancients,' whether Asiatic or European, had no stirrups—nor, indeed, saddles—until the third century A.D. Neither invention seems to demand much ingenuity, but somehow clever Greeks and practical Romans alike failed to think of them. The earliest reference to stirrups is found, I believe, in a treatise on the 'Art of War' by the Emperor Maurice at the end of the sixth century A.D. He calls them *scalæ* (ladders), and their

value as a convenience for mounting in haste is the point he specially insists on. Long habit in riding bare-backed may have given the trooper of that day a firmer balance-seat than is usual with us; but hitherto a man who could not vault into the saddle set his left foot on a rest projecting from the spear and threw the other leg across. It is possible that stirrups were invented by the Northmen and introduced to the Roman Empire by the Goths. Very early examples have been found in Scandinavia.

But the unwillingness of 'the Ancients' to learn riding suggests a curious train of thought. It seems not only contemptible but unnatural to Englishmen. I should be afraid to tell many excellent persons of my acquaintance that the same disinclination was a national characteristic of their own forefathers, if I did not know that they would regard the statement as too laughable to be offensive. But it is true, though incredible. Alfred has left a precious hint upon the subject in his translation of 'Boethius.' The philosopher remarks that if a man rides for his health's sake it is not the exercise but its result which gives him pleasure. Enlarging on this sagacious observation as usual, Alfred points out that when a man mounts a horse it is to 'earn something'—we should say, he has an object. It may be health, as the author says, or to gain time when anxious to reach a place where he has business as quickly as possible. This is to say that no man of sense gets on a horse for amusement; nor hunts, unless 'for the pot.' The good King expressed the general opinion of his subjects. He himself was a desperately hard rider, but 'by medical advice,' to combat his epilepsy; thus he came under the heading of those who took horse exercise for health's sake, and no one would call him a fool. A century later Bishop Aldhelm expressed the general opinion. In a homily extant he classed riding *pro vagatione*, 'for idleness,' that is, for pleasure, with drunkenness. It is 'a vain indulgence' which faithful ministers should 'curse.'

There was no cavalry under the Dragon flag at Hastings, and I have heard a bright little girl wonder why. The reason is that Englishmen would not fight on horseback. This is not a supposition, but a statement of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, best of authorities. Five years before Hastings a great host of Irish and Welsh burst into Herefordshire. Ralph the Earl called out the fyrd; 'but,' says the Chronicle, 'before a spear was thrown the Englishmen fled, and there was great slaughter.' A contemporary note explains: , quia Anglos contra morem in equis pugnare jussit.' Ralph the Earl was one of Edward's Norman favourites, unacquainted with

the native habits probably, and scornful of them. He put his levy on horseback, which was 'against their custom,' and they promptly bolted.

Again, the Britons had horses when Cæsar landed, for they fought in chariots, and the number certainly increased during the four centuries of Roman rule. Yet Procopius notes that the chiefs of the British Mission sent to ask help against the invading English had to be 'lifted' on their horses and off when they waited on the Emperor. On the whole, we perceive that the notion of riding does not follow of necessity though men be familiar with horses. It was the conquering Norman who taught our ancestors to enjoy it, and they themselves inherited the taste. Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes were all enthusiastic horsemen in the Viking era.

My gossip must come to an end : I return to the starting-point. It may be urged that if no additions of importance have been made to the list of animals domesticated in prehistoric time, the reason is that all which would repay the trouble were discovered and annexed during that mysterious epoch. One hears people argue thus. But the proposition cannot be maintained. It is absurdly improbable to begin with, and, then, no denizen of the farmyard is the direct descendant of a wild species. Zoologists dispute over the parentage of all. No wild sheep has wool, and the earliest bones discovered of individuals certainly domesticated represent a creature different from any now known. The young of wild boars in every part of the world are striped, and this peculiarity seems ineradicable. But no race of European pigs shows a sign of it. For this, among other reasons, they are accredited to the Chinese strain mostly ; there are no wild boars, *Sus scrofa*, in China. How *Sus Indicus* came to Europe, Heaven alone knows, but bronze figures of pigs exactly like our modern Berkshire have been found in Etruscan tombs ; the Chinese variety is miscalled *Indicus*, just like the Chinese azalea, because it arrived in ships of the East India Company. So a Mexican bird is called a turkey and again a dindon.

With such patient care our domestic animals have been evolved by forgotten races in forgotten time. If we are content with them, well and good ; but it is grotesque to say that Nature has refused us further opportunity for choice. Consider poultry. Some authorities trace their parentage to the common jungle fowl of the Himalayas, which is remote enough, and the mountaineers are barbarous enough. But most, I understand, at the present day, assign it to *Gallus Bankiva*, native of the Malay countries—Sumatra, Java, Malacca, the Philippines—but not of Borneo, New



Guinea, or any island between, which is curious. Countries less accessible till modern times could not easily be found; but thence the birds have spread over all the earth, taking endless peculiarities. It is vain to ask who first tamed them or how they started on their travels. There is some reason to think that they were carried to Egypt long before they reached Babylon or Assyria, though not a single representation of them has been found in the tombs, where geese and ducks are common. But fowls are not mentioned in the Old Testament, for the Hebrew word so translated means ducks. It may be supposed that they were very rare in Persia when Zoroaster composed his law, for the reference is somewhat startling: 'Whosoever shall kindly and piously present one of the Faithful with a pair of these, my parodarsh birds, male and female, it is as though he offered a house of a hundred columns. Whosoever shall give my parodarsh bird (a cock) his fill of meat I, Ahura Mazda, have no need to question him more. He shall go straight to Heaven.' Parsis still keep up a form of reverence for poultry.

Unfortunately the date of Zoroaster is uncertain; also we must doubt whether he is responsible for his own holy book. But if *Gallus Bankiva* was known in Egypt at 1000 B.C., almost certainly it travelled by sea. We do not hear of it on the continent of Asia for centuries afterwards. Very slowly it made its way to Europe. Homer does not speak of it, nor Hesiod; and the silence of the latter proves his ignorance, since farming and country matters were his theme. In the British Museum we see cocks and hens most admirably sculptured on the Lycian monuments assigned to the fifth century B.C.; but for Aristophanes the cock is still 'the Persian bird.' With such pains, continued for generations beyond estimate, our poultry were made serviceable. The Spaniards found turkeys domesticated in Mexico. The guinea-fowl is not domesticated yet, but such progress as has been made is due to the negroes of the West Coast, not to the Portuguese. It is incredible that other useful species could not be introduced had we something of the antique patience. For that matter I have seen a dozen curassows hanging about a house in Nicaragua. The great birds were friendly enough to embarrass a visitor with their welcome, sailing up joyously, almost flapping him with their wings. They and their ancestors had been fed for many years, but they were not tame. Had the Indians taken the curassow in hand, doubtless it would have been familiar now in the warmer parts of Europe.

FREDERICK BOYLE.



### OLD IRISH MEMORIES.

WHEN I was young, though the passion for duelling for which the men of Galway had been famous in old times throughout Ireland had much abated, yet duels were still sometimes fought. My father was regarded as one of the chief authorities in the county upon all points of honour and of the very precise etiquette by which such encounters were governed. He had not fought many duels himself, it is true, but he had officiated as second upon several occasions, and he never failed to attend at any meetings of which he had cognisance. Till the law frowned upon duelling and made secrecy imperative, it was customary for the friends of both sides to muster as spectators.

My father had been dining at a friend's house one night, and after dinner one of the other guests drew him aside. 'I want to consult you,' he said; 'I've been grossly insulted by So-and-So,' naming a mutual acquaintance, 'and I intend to call him out.'

He detailed the circumstances of the affront, which were flagrant enough, but my father none the less uttered counsels of peace and moderation. 'I don't want to remind you that you are a first-rate shot, and that So-and-So is a very poor one,' he said at last, his remonstrances having been vain; 'but there is another consideration I would like to put before you. Did you notice'—impressively—'that we were thirteen at dinner to-night?' For my father, like every true Irishman of his day, had the most implicit belief in omens and portents. The man to whom he spoke, however, either did not share his beliefs or else had been too deeply offended to heed the warning. The challenge was duly sent and accepted, and the conditions arranged were that the duellists should draw lots which was to fire first. The lucky chance fell to the crack shot; he fired, and missed his aim by a hair's breadth. The other man, who ordinarily could not have hit 'a turf-stack flying,' as the saying is, by mere blundering chance aimed straight and true, and shot the challenger through the heart.

Another time a regiment which had been quartered in Galway had received marching orders, and two of the younger officers

were anxious to have a last day's snipe-shooting before they quitted the West. They engaged one of the poaching loafers to be found hanging about most Irish country towns to carry their game bag and to act as guide, giving him stringent injunctions not to lead them over any private or preserved land, but only over the boggy wastes, of which there was a large extent in the neighbourhood of Galway. In his desire, however, to show the gentlemen good sport, and thereby secure a larger *backsheesh* for himself, their guide brought them across some ill-drained swampy fields belonging to an individual named Reilly, a squireen or half-sir, as the class just below gentility were styled in the West. A few brace were secured here, and the officers returned, unwitting of their trespass and rejoicing in the excellence of their day's sport. A few days later, however, there appeared in one of the local papers a paragraph headed 'A Dirty Trick by the Dirty—th,' a very highly coloured account of the subalterns' poaching exploit, with their names in full and sundry reflections upon the behaviour of English officers in general and of that regiment in particular. There was no time to be wasted upon the usual formalities of seconds and messages, since the regiment was to march the day but one following, and hot-foot the two young fellows went out to Mr. Reilly's dilapidated residence to demand instant satisfaction. They found the house closely shuttered and barricaded, and it was only after long and repeated knocking that a window on an upper floor was opened and the head of an unkempt maid-servant thrust out. 'We want to see your master,' shouted the officers from below. 'Yez can't; he's in his bed,' rejoined the damsel. 'He's got to come down and speak to us,' they roared. 'He won't, thin,' and the window slammed.

All further battering and banging remained unheeded, and the officers were obliged to return to Galway without having achieved their mission. Sore and angry, they were grumbling to each other next day, when the door opened and my father walked in.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I've heard of the dilemma you're in, and I've comē to reassure you as to your honour and that of your regiment. Leave them both in my hands; I will take good care of them.' And my father was as good as his word, for he went about blazoning the story of Reilly's poltroonery abroad, and intimating that, if that individual were not contented, he had but to step forward, when my father would be pleased to give him redress—which being the last thing that Reilly desired, he

durst not show his face off his own lands for many a long day thereafter.

An officer belonging to a regiment that had but lately come to Galway, upon the other hand, found himself in a still more awkward predicament. He was challenged by a Galway fire-eater because he had saluted and had even waved his hand to the latter's wife and sister without having been previously introduced to them. The officer pleaded vainly that, being somewhat shortsighted, he had mistaken them for two other ladies, the honour of whose acquaintance he already possessed. Nothing, however, but a meeting in correct form would appease the fierce Galwegian; but as no one was hit, not much harm was done.

In Galway, indeed, the love of duelling lingered long, and one duel was fought within my own memory upon grounds that even the seconds themselves deemed entirely frivolous and insufficient. The principals, however, persisted stubbornly not only in fighting, but in fighting at unusually close quarters. Having done their utmost in vain to effect a reconciliation, the seconds, by secret agreement, charged the pistols with *stirabout*, so that when the signal was given there issued from the muzzles, instead of the winged death expected, a horrible sputtering mess that covered the combatants with dirt and ridicule.

There was no keener duellist or more unerring pistol-shot in the West than Sir John Blake, of Menlo. Like most of the Irish gentry, he was in the habit of spending the winter season in Dublin, and once, upon the eve of his return to the West, he had a quarrel with a gentleman, and challenged him to fight next morning upon that favourite duelling-ground, the Fifteen Acres of the Phoenix Park. Sir John's opponent was punctual to the hour appointed, so were the seconds and a few friends who had got wind of the affair; but there was no sign of Sir John himself. Half an hour went by, and still he did not put in an appearance. His second became more and more perturbed, but his adversary maintained an unruffled composure. 'Something unlooked-for must have detained Sir John,' he said. 'He's the last man in the world to disappoint a gentleman upon an occasion like the present.'

They had waited an hour and more when the rumbling of wheels was heard, and a heavy travelling-carriage rolled into view, with luggage piled high upon the roof and servants in the rumble. It came to a stand behind the enclosure of the Chief

Secretary's Lodge, where it was partly screened from sight, and from it emerged Sir John. He crossed the grass to where the group stood awaiting him, and, lifting his hat, apologised courteously for the inconvenience to which they had been put. 'Most grieved, gentlemen, to have kept you waiting in this unconscionable fashion. It was all the fault of her ladyship's confounded French maid. She took so long over her packing and her trunks this morning, I began to fear I should not get here at all.' The ground was measured out and the word given. A case of pistols was emptied on either side, and, honour having thus been satisfied, Sir John bowed again and returned to the carriage, where he resumed his seat beside Lady Blake, and the equipage once more set forward upon the road to Galway. Her ladyship, no doubt from long usage, regarded Sir John's engaging in an affair of honour with no more concern than a wife of the present day feels at her lord and master taking part in a contest at golf or tennis.

We, too, were in the habit of coming up to Dublin for the gaieties of the winter season, and once we brought up in our train one of our numerous hangers-on, a sharp lad whom we called Patcheen, and who had a very pretty conceit of himself. The price of an Irish newspaper was at that time fourpence; and one evening my grandfather, who was the head of our household, hearing the 'Evening Post' being cried in the street without, sent Patcheen out with the requisite fourpence to buy a copy. Patcheen speedily returned, but one glance at the sheet which he had brought revealed that, whatever interest its contents might possess, they lacked the charm of novelty. The newsvendor, detecting the raw country lad at a glance, had palmed off a week-old paper upon him.

'Ah, Patcheen, you'll need to sharpen your wits here,' said my grandfather, not sorry to take him down a peg, 'or these Dublin jackeens will be too many for you.' Patcheen vanished in a trice, paper and all. In an hour he returned triumphant with a newspaper, the moist smell and exact folds of which proclaimed it as fresh from the printer's hands. 'Ho, ho! So you overtook the rapsallion,' said my grandfather. 'No, plaze your honour, he'd got beyant me,' returned Patcheen seriously, 'so I cried that paper meself till I had it sould, an' thin I bought the right one.'

After one of these winter sojourns I was returning to Galway in company with my grandfather and a boy cousin. As our

hackney coach left the door the driver turned his horse too sharply, and the cumbrous vehicle toppled over and fell on its side into the gutter, tumbling us upon each other in an indiscriminate heap. My cousin clambered out through the window above our heads and dragged me up after him, whereupon the crowd, which, as usual on such occasions, had collected with inconceivable rapidity, believing us to have been the only occupants of the overturned conveyance, set to work to right it. They were arrested by a volley of curses and expletives proceeding out of the depths of the coach, where my grandfather, who had lain half-stunned for the moment, found himself being flung to and fro amidst a medley of parcels and broken glass. He had become a familiar figure during our winter's stay in town, and there were instant shrieks of delight from the crowd. 'Glory be to God, it's the ould gintleman himself that's inside!' 'Gorra, boys, lift aisy, or ye'll have him destroyed!' Whilst the jehu, a frequent employé of ours, who had been tossed from his perch, on coming to himself declared ecstatically: 'Nothing was iver sweeter to me ears than to hear the ould masther cursin' widin in the coach. Didn't I think he was kilt and dead intirely.' As far as my memory serves me, we succeeded in spite of our mishap, though in a rather shaken and dishevelled condition, in reaching the General Post-Office in time to catch the mail coach to the West.

My grandfather, when at home, took it into his head on one occasion that those in his employment were not serving him as they ought, more especially in the early morning before anyone was stirring. He determined therefore on a series of matutinal surprise visits. We had been somewhat troubled by poachers at this particular time, and my father, the sportsman of the family, had enjoined upon the keepers to be specially vigilant. The first time, therefore, that my grandfather went abroad in the early morning he was challenged, and, according to his own account, narrowly escaped being shot by one of his own keepers. Undeterred by this experience, he went forth again next morning, and this time made a discovery which roused his wrath. In the field which bordered our avenue, known by the euphonious name of Skinnegan, and which had been empty the previous day, six unknown cattle were quietly grazing. My grandfather promptly drove the offending animals out of the field himself and down the avenue to the gate. There some bare-legged boys from an adjacent cabin lent him ready and joyful assistance; and at the

head of this ragged contingent, armed with sticks and branches, my grandfather personally conducted the trespassers to the village pound and saw them securely shut in there before returning, heated and incensed, to breakfast.

'That's the way I'm served: that lazy herd of mine not troubling himself to mend my fences, and half the cattle in the country allowed to trample in and out of my best grazing field as they please. Wait till I find Master Ned after breakfast, and I'll give him the best dressing-down he's ever had in his life.' And my grandfather snorted, meditating to himself the epithets he would apply to the peccant herd.

There was, however, no need to go in search of the delinquent, for before breakfast was ended a message was brought in that the herd was without, desiring to see the master. Ned was upon the hall-door steps, much crestfallen and alarmed. 'I'm sorry to have to tell it to your honour,' he began humbly, 'but there's six of your honour's own cattle in the pound. I put them in Skinnegan late last night an' shut the gate on them meself, an' how they got out an' wint sthrayin' on me——' He got no farther, for my grandfather, who had with difficulty restrained himself till then, beat a hasty retreat to the dining-room, where he collapsed into a chair and laughed till his family had fears of an impending apoplectic seizure. But from thenceforth he gave up his early inspections and left the care of his property to his underlings.

It was about this time that the Irish Church Mission, which strove to reach the Irish-speaking peasantry in their own tongue, was set on foot. Dr. Nangle, one of the most fervent and impassioned of the mission preachers, came down into our neighbourhood, and amongst those who went to hear him was Sally Sweeny, our gatekeeper.

'That was the quare prachin',' she declared indignantly on her return. 'What was't all about, would yez think, but an ould sheep that wint asthray! As if no one but himself iver had a sheep goin' asthray on them afore! An' maybe if he'd gone to look in the pound 'twas there all the time!'

The priest blew his counterblast to the mission-preaching the following Sunday, and a very loud blast it was. 'Troth, ye could have heard him cursin' a mile beyant the chapel door,' so one of his hearers reported to us. The clinching argument in the controversy was, however, supplied by our gardener. 'Prates-



tants! ' he said, with lofty scorn. ' 'Twas mighty little St. Paul thought of the Pratestants. Ye've all heard tell of th' epistle he wrote to the Romans; but I'd ax ye this, did any of yez iver hear of his writing a 'pistle to the Pratestants? '

Whilst I was still very young, I was invited, in company with two of my cousins, of whom one was of my own age and the other some years older, to pay a visit at a hospitable mansion, the owner of which was a very old lady, almost stone-deaf. She lived entirely in her own rooms, and but seldom appeared, leaving it to her son and his wife to do the honours. My younger cousin and myself were installed in the same room, which contained an enormous fourpost bed, whilst the elder girl was given a room to herself. Like every other family home in Galway with any pretension to antiquity, this house had the reputation of being haunted, and during our first evening beneath its roof the conversation turned upon ghostly apparitions and visitants. We were told of the banshee that belonged to this particular family—a little old woman, bent and hooded, who appeared sobbing and wringing her hands before the death of any of its members. So small was she that more than once those to whom she had appeared had taken her for a child in distress, till suddenly an old eldritch face had peered up at the affrighted beholder. The result of these narrations was that we went up to bed in a very eerie frame of mind. I and my bedfellow were trying to put disquieting thoughts out of our heads and to compose ourselves to sleep, when the door of our room opened and my other cousin appeared, candle and book in hand. Her overwrought fancy had conjured up sounds that had terrified her; she had heard a dragging footstep approaching her door, and hands rattling at its handle. She declared that she could not, and would not, sleep in that house alone; and she insisted, despite our remonstrances, on making a third in the fourpost bed, lying sardine-fashion between us with her head at the foot of the bed. Even now sleep was impossible to her, and she said that she would read awhile, placing the brass candlestick for convenience upon her own chest.

Twelve o'clock had just sounded with long reverberating strokes from the clock upon the stairs when the door opened once again, very slowly and gradually, and an old bent figure came in. It had a dark drapery over its head, and carried something very carefully in both hands. With one wild shriek of terror my cousin hurled the candlestick with all her might at the apparition,



and plunged down beneath the bedclothes. There was an answering scream of even greater terror, a crash and splash, and the thud of a heavy fall, whilst we were left in total darkness, since the candle had been extinguished. There were no matches in those days, and whilst one of us younger girls strove with fumbling fingers to get a light from the tinderbox, the other groped equally futilely in the embers of the turf fire, and all the while there were little gasps and moans coming from the floor, where the intruder, manifestly too solid to be a ghost, had fallen. The mystery was only solved by the arrival of some of the household who had been roused by the noise and had come to see what was the matter. The visitant was none other than our hostess herself, who, having heard from her maid that one of us had caught a heavy cold, had prepared a hot drink with her own kindly hands and come to administer it. It was almost impossible to explain to the poor old deaf lady why she should have been accorded such a reception by her young guests.

In the summer-time we always went for a few weeks to lodge in the outskirts of Galway town for bathing and the benefit of the sea air. All classes did the same, and indeed it was pathetic to see the faith that the poorer folk had in the 'salt wather' as a cure for all diseases and infirmities, and the struggles that were made and the discomforts endured in order that some ailing member of a family might have the benefit of the health-giving waters of Galway Bay.

'I'm not one of thim that crowds their houses,' said one woman who catered for this class of lodgers, in lofty scorn of her neighbours; 'I'd niver put them to sleep more nor three in a bed.' There was indeed almost a dignified seclusion in such liberal accommodation, since the more general custom was to let each corner of a room to a separate family, who brought their own poor bedding and camped upon the floor as best they could.

Even for the better-to-do the arrangements were of a very primitive simplicity. There were but few bathing-boxes, and if any bathers lingered unduly in the waves, Sibbie, the old bathing-woman, would bestow a resounding smack upon them as they emerged all dripping from the water, accompanying it by a torrent of abuse for having kept the box so long from others who waited for it. Shower-baths might be enjoyed in a little shanty that culminated in a funnel, down which at the proper moment the water was dashed by Sibbie's son. An English lady on a visit to

Galway on one occasion demanded a tepid shower-bath. 'An' what might that be, ma'am?' demanded Sibbie, to whom such flowers of speech were unknown. 'Tepid? Why half hot and half cold, to be sure,' was the impatient reply.

The lady undressed and, all unsuspecting, pulled the string. Down came a deluge of scalding water upon her. 'Let me out! let me out!' she screamed in alarm. 'It was a tepid bath that I asked for.' 'Sure ye said that 'twas half hot and half cold that 'twas to be, an' here's the could for ye,' as another pailful was emptied down.

Occasionally we undertook a longer expedition, and went to Lisdoonvarna, then in its earliest infancy as a watering-place. It only boasted of one hotel, or rather inn, of very modest dimensions, and the accommodation which this could afford was often severely overtaxed during the summer months. When all the beds had been disposed of, shakedownes were made up upon the tables, and indeed a table was often made to serve as a double-decker, one guest sleeping upon it and another underneath. After one unusually large influx of visitors, an English tourist who desired to catch the morning coach from Ennis, and had therefore ordered an early breakfast for himself, was fuming and stamping impatiently in the hall. 'What's keeping breakfast?' he broke out at last angrily; 'I ordered it overnight.' 'Ye can't have breakfast yit,' was the unperturbed response; 'his rivrence is not off the table.'

There were, however, lower depths to be sounded than even a bed upon the dining-room table. Amongst the latest arrivals the previous evening had been no less a personage than the master of the Galway Blazers. Even M.F.H.s, however, must bow to the exigencies of circumstances, and, as the dinner-table was already clerically occupied, the kitchen-table had needs to be requisitioned. A heterogeneous collection of bedclothes was arranged upon it, into the exact nature of which it was perhaps well not to inquire too closely, as it seemed to be composed of contributions from the wardrobes of the landlady and her underlings, and the pillow was an oddly shaped substance, enveloped in many wrappings, but emitting a faint and strangely familiar smell. The master was too weary to concern himself over such trifles, and he slept as soundly upon his makeshift couch as if it had been a canopied bed of state. He was awakened in the morning by a gentle fumbling at the wrappings beside his head, and

started up to see a gleaming knife suspended above him. 'I'm sorry to be disturbin' ye, sir,' said an apologetic voice, 'but sure the house was out of pillows intirely, an' we put the side of bacon under yer honour's head. I was jist conthrivin' to git a few rashers off for the quality's breakfast without disturbin' ye, whin ye woke.'

This particular master long ruled the Blazers, and was most deservedly popular amongst his followers. He suffered, however, from a double infirmity—he could never go to bed at any reasonable hour or get up betimes in the morning. Whenever, therefore, he put up at a friend's house upon the night before a meet, it was regarded as part of his host's duty to get him out of bed in proper time, even if it were necessary to adopt the forcible means of tumbling him on to the floor. Once, however, the meet was upon his own lawn. There had been a terrible night of wind and storm, but none the less a goodly muster of sportsmen gathered with the hounds and huntsmen at the appointed hour in front of the master's dwelling. Of the master himself there was, however, no sign. At last, after long and weary waiting, a window upon an upper story was thrown up, and a head, adorned with the red-flannel nightcap with dangling tassel which elderly gentlemen then wore, was protruded, leisurely contemplating the animated scene below. There was an immediate chorus of angry and impatient shouts. 'Come down out of that! Do you want us to be hunting by moonlight?' 'Begad, boys, it's easy for you to be travelling so early,' rejoined the master from his altitude. 'If you'd all been lying as I have with the weight of a chimney on top of you half the night you'd not be so full of talk.' It was quite true. A chimney had crashed down during the night into the master's bedroom. Happily the principal portion had been caught and upheld by the rafters, and the smaller fragments had fallen wide, scattering harmlessly over the floor; but the master had not troubled himself to change his couch, and had only turned on his side and slumbered peacefully on.

His favourite hunter had been bought out of a hack car in Dublin. He had just seated himself on the car at Carlisle Bridge when the horse took fright and incontinently ran away the whole of the long length of Sackville Street. 'He was within a pip of taking Nelson's Pillar along with him,' the master said afterwards; but when the steed's wild career was checked at the Rotunda, he turned to the jarvey and said, 'My man, that

animal had you nearly killed that time ; most likely he'll kill you outright the next run he takes ; you'd best sell him to me.' And there and then the bargain was struck, and he bought him from between the shafts at a very small price. A splendid horse he turned out to be—very fast, but a desperate puller. Once or twice the master rode him upon what was called a gridiron bit in those days—an instrument warranted to bring the most headstrong horse to reason ; but once or twice of the treatment sufficed, and ever after he rode him on the snaffle.

This master of the Blazers had a van-and-four in which he drove the hounds to the meets in state, generally handling the reins himself. The van served a double purpose, for on Sundays he took the cover off, placed benches inside, and drove his whole household to church in it. On one occasion as he was driving the hounds home after a day's sport a wheel came off, the unwieldy machine toppled over and broke, and a yelping, clamorous torrent poured forth. An unhappy mule, which was grazing close by, frightened by the sudden uproar, squealed loudly, kicked up its heels, and dashed away in a panic. That panic was its undoing, for in a trice the whole hungry pack were after it full cry, and at the end of a mad run the poor brute was pulled down, torn to pieces, and devoured. The master and one or two friends, who had sent their hunters home and taken seats upon the van, were obliged to unharness the four horses and ride them home bare-backed, leaving the broken-down van by the roadside.

Once, as the field were jogging through the town of Tuam on their way from covert to covert, one titled member of the hunt dropped out of the line. ' I've a trifle of business to transact,' he said, and disappeared into the local bank. When he rejoined the hunt it was with an air of much satisfaction. ' I did good business there, boys ; I got five hundred out of them,' and stooping down he extracted notes to the value of 250*l.* out of the top of one of his hunting-boots, and then a similar sum out of the other. Reynard took to the water during the run that followed and swam across a river. Forgetful of all else in the excitement of the moment, the noble lord who had been so lately enriched was one of the first to plunge in gallantly in his wake. Instantly there were frantic shouts from all the rest of the field : ' For Heaven's sake, man, mind what you're about, or there'll be an end of you and your five hundred ! ' However, on arriving on the farther bank the notes, though somewhat moist, were still safe.

There were no leaden weights in those days such as men of

slender build carry now on their saddles when riding a race. The custom was to procure a large postbag, and to pour shot into it till it turned the scale at the requisite point. This the unhappy jockey had to carry slung upon his back while he rode. The old racecourse at Ballyglunin was four Irish miles round, and this master of the Blazers, by no means young, but small and spare, rode at one race-meeting three races upon the same day, twelve miles in all, carrying three stone of shot upon his back.

One old family residence in our neighbourhood had, owing to a Chancery suit, lain untenanted and derelict for many years. The law at last adjudged it to a widow lady, a stranger to the West, who arrived amongst us imbued with a vast sense of her own importance and position. The coverts within the demesne, like all else, had been grievously neglected; but according to the new owner foxes absolutely swarmed there, and her ambitions were set upon a lawn-meet of the Blazers. This, however, she could not compass; the master was not to be cajoled into bringing the hounds down to a remote part of the county with only a very dubious chance of sport when they got there. She was therefore constrained to approach the owner of a private pack of considerably less lustre than the Blazers, who hunted an outlying part of the country at this time, and who did not, if there were no foxes, disdain to have a run after a hare. This gentleman proved more amenable than the master of the Blazers, and he willingly consented to bring his hounds over for the contemplated lawn-meet.

The meet duly took place. Immediately afterwards, however, it was perceived by those in the locality that the widow had ceased to hold intercourse (and was, indeed, 'dead cuts,' as the phrase went with us) with another family in the vicinity who lived some three or four miles away, nearer the confines of the wilder and more mountainous part of the country, whose head was a staunch sportsman and straight rider to hounds. No one save themselves knew what the cause of quarrel had been, but in a region where there were very few resident gentry it was highly inconvenient that two of the families could not be invited simultaneously on occasions of festivity. My grandmother was an old lady of stern resolution. She declared that she had no idea of that kind of nonsense going on in the neighbourhood, and that she was determined to get to the bottom of the matter, when in all probability it would be found that a little friendly mediation and diplomacy was all that was needed to set matters right. Accordingly she

made her way over to the widow and boldly inquired as to the cause of the feud. The widow's answer was prompt and unpromising. Never, never would she speak to her foxhunting neighbour again; had he not out of sheer jealousy and of malice aforethought contrived to ruin her lawn-meet. She proceeded to relate how this false friend had brought a dog in a bag with him to her meet. The dog's feet had been anointed with aniseed or some other strong-smelling stuff, and at a convenient moment the captive had been enlarged. He had naturally made for home at the utmost speed with which his legs could carry him thither, and in so doing had laid a trail which the hounds had straightway hit off and hunted, and had thus been lured away from her covert, where the find ought to have taken place, and where, as it would seem, the foxes sat idly on their tails, yearning for the excitement of a run.

My grandmother indignantly refused to believe that one of our oldest friends could have behaved in such an unneighbourly and reprehensible fashion, and she drove off to his house to tell him the story, and to afford him the opportunity of giving it an immediate and unqualified denial. Far from doing so, however, our friend admitted the impeachment with the utmost equanimity. He averred that it was the master of the visiting pack himself who, not feeling disposed to journey so far without a reasonable prospect of sport, had suggested the expedient of the dog. Our friend made no pretence of owning a fox-covert, but hares abounded upon the stony hillsides of his demesne, and, despite the widow's loud asseverations, it was generally believed that she had not got a fox upon her lands. The master and he had therefore decided by secret agreement that a dog was to be brought over, properly prepared, and was to be let loose in case of need to provide the hunt with a straight run to his own house, in the environs of which puss was fairly certain to be found at home. Unhappily the dog had succeeded in prematurely wriggling out of captivity, even before the hounds had gone through the farce of drawing the widow's covert, but our friend assured my grandmother that this *contretemps* had only saved the hunt an hour's waste of time.

My grandmother had certainly heard both sides of the story, but to the best of my belief all her efforts to patch up a truce proved of no avail.

J. M. CALLWELL.



· MY HOUSE SHALL BE CALLED THE HOUSE OF  
PRAYER. ·

(AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF FATHER JOHNSON,  
ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.)

FATHER JOHNSON'S Irish village is not Irish. For some unknown reason it is polyglot. They are, as one might say, a most extraordinary family.

I took my friend James Pelple down with me for an afternoon's jaunt, to give the priest a call in his new house; for he had moved since last I saw him. Pelple knew of Father Johnson by hearsay, and disapproved strongly. There is no other word to describe his feelings: 'A good man, yes,' he would remark. 'But if all you tell me, and the half of what I hear from others, is true, he is much too lax. His ritual——'

'I've never been to his place,' I interrupted. 'I know him only as the man. As a man, I love him, as you know; as a priest, I admire him. Concerning his ritual I know nothing. I don't believe he is the man to be unduly lax on vital points.'

'Just so! Just so!' said Pelple. 'I know nothing; but I've heard some *very* peculiar things.'

I smiled to myself. Certainly Father Johnson has some unusual ways. I have seen him, for instance, when we have been alone, forget to say his grace until, maybe, he had eaten one dish. Then, remembering, he would touch his fingers together, and say, 'Bless this food to me' (glancing at the empty dish), 'an' I thank Thee for it' (looking at the full one in front). Then, remembering the one yet on the stove: 'An' that too, Lord'—and direct the Lord's attention to the same by a backward nod of his head, afterwards resuming his eating and talking in the most natural fashion.

'I've heard that he allows his church to be used for some very extraordinary purposes,' continued Pelple. 'I cannot, of course, credit *some* of the things I hear; but I have been assured that the women take their knitting into the church on weekday

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evenings, whilst the men assemble there, as to a kind of rendezvous, where village topics are allowed. I consider it most improper, most improper. Don't you?'

But I found it difficult to criticise Father Johnson. I was frankly an admirer, as I am to-day. So I held my peace, assisted by an elusive movement of the head, that might have been either a nod or a negative.

When we reached the village, and asked for the priest's new house, three men of the place escorted us there in state, as to the house of a chieftain. Reaching it, two of them pointed to him through the window, where he sat at table smoking after his early tea. The third man would have accompanied us in bodily; but I told him that I wanted to see the priest alone, whereupon they all went happily. To have need to see the priest alone was a need that each and all understood, as a part of their daily lives.

I lifted the latch and we passed in, as all are welcome to do at any hour of the day or night. The door of his house opened into a short half-passage, and I could see direct into his little room, out of which went the small scullery-kitchen. As we entered, I heard Sally, his servant-wench, washing dishes in the little scullery; and just then Father Johnson called out to her, 'Sally, I'll make a bet with ye.'

In the scullery I heard a swift rustling and a subdued clatter, and knew that Sally (having heard that preliminary often before) was stealthily removing the handles of the knives from the boiling water. Then her reply:

'Did y'r riv'rence sphake?'

'I did, Sally, colleen,' said the priest's voice. 'I'll make a bet with ye, Sally, you've the handles av thim knives over hilt in the hot water—eh, Sally!'

And then Sally's voice, triumphant:

'Ye're wrong, y'r riv'rence, thim knives is on the dhresser!'

'Ay, Sally,' said Father Johnson; 'but were they not in the hot water whin I sphoke firrst?'

'They was, y'r riv'rence,' said Sally, in a shamed voice; just as she had been making the same confession for the past seven years. And then the priest had a little fit of happy, almost silent laughter, puffing out great clouds of smoke; in the midst of which we walked in on him.

After our greetings, which the priest had met with that strange magnetism of heartiness that had left even the critical

Pelple less disapproving, we were set down to a tea, which we simply had to eat, the priest waiting on us himself, and making the little meal 'go,' as you might say, with the abundance of his energy and humour—telling a hundred quaint tales and jests of the country-side, with his brogue making points of laughter where more formal speech would have left us dull and untouched.

The meal over, the priest suggested that we might like to accompany him down to his chapel, and see whether things were 'kapin' happy,' as he phrased it. As you may suppose, we were quite eager to accept his invitation, for, as I have made clear already, I had never been down to his place before, and I had heard many things—even as had Pelple—about his chapel and his methods.

We had not far to go. On the way Father Johnson pointed with his thumb to a little stone-built cabin, very small and crude, which I learned was rented by a certain old Thomas Cardallon, who was not an Irishman.

'Tom's wife died last week,' said the priest quietly. 'He's to be evicted to-morrow as iver is, if he cannot fhind the rint.'

I put my hand into my pocket, with a half-involuntary movement; but he shook his head, as much as to say no good could be done that way. That was all, and we were past the small hovel in a minute; but I found myself looking back with a sudden new curiosity at the little rough-built living-place, that before had been only one poor hut among many; yet was now instinct to me with a history of its own, so that it stood out in my memory from the others that were here and there about, as something indicative of the life-hope and striving of two poor humans. I put it badly, I know; but it was just such a jumble of vague thoughts and emotions as these that stirred in my mind. I had reason afterwards to have further memory of the cottage and its one-time occupants.

We reached the chapel very soon; but when we entered, I stood for a moment, in astonishment, looking up the single aisle of the long whitewashed room. There was not much noise; for, as I discovered, the reverence and sense of the Place held power all the time; moreover, they were Father Johnson's people. I looked at my friend, smiling, I fear.

'Even worse than Rumour foretold,' I suggested in a low voice; but he made no reply, for he appeared to me to be stifled by the excess of his astounded disapproval. The priest was a

few paces before us, where we had made our involuntary pause in the doorway; and he, too, came to a stand, and looked at the scene, unobserved.

You will understand that there was cause for my astonishment, and even—as many will agree—with the strong disapprobation which my friend was feeling, when I tell you that *there was an auction in progress within the House*; for within the doorway to the left was a pile of household goods, evidently from the cottage of one of the very poor. In front of the little heap was an old man, and round him in a semicircle stood a number of the villagers, listening intently to the old man's extolling of each article of his household gear, which he was putting up for sale.

"My House shall be called——" I quoted softly and involuntarily, but less with any blame in my heart than a great wonder, salted by a vague shockedness. The priest, still standing a little before me, caught my half-unconscious quotation; but he only said 'Hush!' so gently that I felt suddenly ashamed, as if I were a child fumbling with the garments of life, which the priest had worn upon his shoulders all the long years.

For maybe the half of a minute longer we stood staring at the scene, Father Johnson still a few paces before us into the chapel.

'Tom Cardallon,' he said presently over his shoulder. 'If he sold outside, the officers would confiscate. I showed ye the house av him as we passed.'

He beckoned us to join the group of villagers round the pitiful pile of household goods, which we did, whilst he went on up the chapel, speaking a word here and there to the many who were gathered together in companionship for the quiet hour that preceded the evening Rosary. Some were praying; a few were sitting quietly in restful isolation from the world of reality; many of the women, I noticed, were knitting, or sitting making butter in small glass jars, which they shook constantly in their hands; the whole scene, in the soft evening light that came in through the long, narrow windows, giving me an extraordinary sense of restfulness and natural humanity.

I turned presently, from my viewing of the general chapel, to the particular corner where I stood upon the skirt of the little group around the old man. I began to catch the drift of his remarks, uttered in a low tone, and found myself edging nearer.

to hear the more plainly. I gathered—as the priest had told me—that he had just lost his wife, after a long illness which had run them hopelessly into debt. Indeed, as you know, the eviction from the little hovel was arranged for the morrow, if the old man could not find the small sum which would make it possible for him to stay on in the old cottage where he had evidently spent many very happy years.

'This 'ere,' the old man was saying, holding up a worn saucepan, 'wer' one as my missus 'as cooked a pow'r o' spuds in.' He stopped, and turned from us a moment, with a queer little awkward gesture, as if looking round for something that he knew subconsciously he was not in search of. I believe, in reality, the movement was prompted by an unrealised desire to avert his face momentarily, which had begun to work, as memory stirred in him. He faced round again.

'Eh!' he continued, 'she wer' great on chips in batter, she wer'. Me 'n 'er used ter 'ave 'em every Sunday night as ever was. Like as they was good to sleep on, so she said. An' I guess they was all cooked in this 'ere ole pan.'

He finished his curious eulogy rather lamely, and pulled out his old red handkerchief. After he had blown his nose, and furtively wiped his eyes, he used the handkerchief to polish the interior and exterior of the pan; after which he held it up once more to the view of the silent and sympathetic crowd.

'What'll ye give for it?' he asked, looking round anxiously at the many faces.

'Sixpence,' said a low voice, and the old man, after a quick glance round the crowd, said, 'It's yours, Mrs. Mike Callan,' and handed it across to a woman in the front of the crowd. The money was paid into his hand in coppers, as I could tell by the chink.

I looked towards the purchaser, feeling that I should like to buy back the saucepan, and return it to the old man. This way, I saw Father Johnson moving here and there through the little crowd, with a calico bag in his hand. From this, in a surreptitious manner, he drew something constantly—which I conceived by the faint chinking to be money—and distributed it to a man here and a woman there among the onlookers, accompanying each act with a few whispered words. I understood much and guessed the rest. It was obvious that the people had little money to spare, for both their clothes and their little huts all

told of an utter poverty. This poverty Father Johnson was remedying for the occasion, and his whispered words were probably hints concerning the articles for which to bid, and the amount to be bid for each. This, of course, is only a guess; but I believe that I am correct in the main.

Once I bid for a little old crock, offering double or treble its original value, but the old man took not the slightest notice, and continued to offer the article to bids that counted pence to the shillings of my offer. I was astonished, and began to see newly, if I may put it in that way. The man next to me bid fivepence, then turned and put up his finger, shaking his head in friendly fashion, but warningly. Evidently I was to be allowed no part in this function of neighbourly help, which was obviously ordered by rules of which I lacked a fundamental knowledge. A woman near to me made things somewhat clearer. She bent my-wards, and whispered, 'E'd not take it back from you, sir, nor the price you offered, neither. 'E's got a independent 'eart, 'e 'as, sir. Poor old man.'

So the things were going to be given back after all. I wondered how they would arrange the returning. It was evident that he had no conceiving of the intentions of his neighbours; for the emotion of distress was too plainly writ in his face, with each familiar article that he auctioned. I learned afterwards that he was detained in chapel by Father Johnson for a few 'wordds,' during which the household gear was replaced in his cottage.

When everything else had been sold, there remained only a poor bundle of something, done up in a faded shawl. It was as if the old man had put off to the very end the selling of this. Now he got down clumsily on to his knees and began to undo the knots, fumbling stupidly, and bending his head low over the bundle. He got the knots undone at last, and presently, after a little turning over of the few things, in a way that I perceived to be more a dumb caressing than because he sought any particular article, he rose to his feet holding an old worn skirt.

'This 'ere,' he said slowly, 'wer' my missus's best, an' she wer' very spechul 'bout it these 'ere thirty year. I mind w'en she first wor' it.' (His face lined a moment grotesquely.) She wer' that slim 's she hed ter put a tuck in ther waistban'; not that it 'armed it; she tuk pertickler care, an—'

I lost the old man's low-voiced explanation at this point, for

I was suddenly aware that Father Johnson was almost at my side. I glanced an instant at his face, but he was staring at the old man, with the oddest expression on his face. I noticed subconsciously that he was clenching and unclenching his hands rapidly. Then the old man's quaver caught my ear again.

'It's fine an' good cloth, an' them stain-mark couldn't be 'elped. As she said, it wer' ther Lord's will, an' she mustn't complain. This 'ere one on the 'em wer' done fifteen year back——'

Again my attention was distracted. I caught the sharp flip of a finger and thumb, and a man looked round and sidled out of the crowd up to Father Johnson, in obedience to his call.

'Sthop ut, Mike ! Sthop ut this instant !' I heard the priest whisper, his brogue coming out strong, because he was stirred. 'Offer tin bob for the lot, an' sthop ut; 'tis breakin' the hearts av us.'

He handed the man some money, and Mike bid for the shawl-full. But even then it was horrible to see old Cardallon's fight to relinquish the garments to the buyer.

The sale was over. The latter part of it had been attended by an ever-increasing audience—from those who at first had been content to sit and talk and rest quietly on the benches, and who—coming from the outlying districts—were not intimate neighbours of old Tom. As they broke up to return to their seats I saw one or two women crying openly.

James Pelple and I stayed for the service of the Rosary, in all reverence, though of another persuasion. Afterwards, as we stood in the doorway waiting for Father Johnson, I looked across at him.

'Well?' I queried—'a den of thieves?'

But Pelple, 'the stickler,' shook his head.

'A wonderful man,' he said—'a wonderful man. I should like to know him better.'

I laughed outright.

'So you've come under the banner, too,' I said. 'I wondered whether you would.' And just then Father Johnson joined us in his cassock, and we began our return journey to his house. On the way we passed the door of Cardallon's cottage, the upper half of which was open. The priest looked in, with a cheery word, and we joined him. The old man was standing in the centre of his hard-beaten mud floor, looking round in a

stunned, incredulous fashion at all his restored household goods. He stared half-vacantly at Father Johnson, the tears running silently down his wrinkled face. In his right hand he held the little bundle, knotted round with the faded shawl.

The priest stretched a hand over the half-door and blessed old Tom Cardallon in the loveliest, homeliest way, that stirred me, I admit frankly, to the very depths.

Then he turned away, and we resumed our walk, leaving the old man to his tears, which I am convinced were signs, in part at least, of a gentle happiness.

'He would not take the money from us,' said the priest, later. 'But do ye think the heart av him would let him sind back the gear?'

I looked across at Pelple, and smiled to his nod; for I knew that his last vague questioning was answered.

WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON.



THE LEAVES OF THE TREE.<sup>1</sup>

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

VIII.—BISHOP LIGHTFOOT.

THOUGH Lightfoot was one of the most familiar figures of my early childhood, it never, *strange to say, dawned upon me that* he was a man of the least eminence, distinction, or even ability, till my early days at Eton, when he became, or I became aware that he was, a member of the Eton Governing Body. Up till that time he had been to me nothing but a sturdy, unimpressive, good-natured, and silent clergyman, who appeared at intervals in our family circle as unquestioned as the sun or moon. I had no idea where he lived or what he did, nor the faintest curiosity to inquire. I thought, I suppose, that he was a friend of my father's; but when he came, the two never seemed to have anything particular to say to each other. The friendships of grown-up people are incomprehensible to children, because they seem so unintelligible and so dreary. The essence of a childish friendship is primarily that one should have some fun, and nothing resembling fun ever seemed to pass between my father and his oldest and dearest friend. I do not know what I should have thought if I had been told that, not so many years before, my father, with youthful irritation at the precision of 'Joe's' packing arrangements, and the length of time that they consumed, had slipped upstairs in my grandmother's house, where they were both staying, and inserted the tongs, poker, and shovel into Lightfoot's portmanteau, that on his return to Cambridge he might find himself in a position at once painful and ridiculous, and be wholly unable to explain his violation of the rites of hospitality. But no such human reminiscence ever reached my ears. The only thing that brought him down to our level, except the presents he invariably bestowed on us, was the fact that he could be counted upon at intervals to become involved in excruciating paroxysms of laughter, in which his cries took on a shrill quality, quite at variance

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1911, by Arthur C. Benson, in the United States of America.

with his ordinary utterance, and the tears streamed down his cheeks. I can just remember in 1868 a long coach-drive in South Wales, to a watering-place where we were all going for a summer holiday, during which Lightfoot sat immersed in a small red book, refusing to look at the scenery, and every now and then bursting into helpless explosions of laughter. This lasted the whole drive. The book was 'Alice in Wonderland,' which had just appeared. Again, I can remember his examining with an air of polite sympathy a series of very grotesque caricatures of my mother represented in various capacities by a girl-cousin of ours. He passed over a design for a stained-glass window, in which she figured as a saint, with an internal quiver. But when he came to a design for an equestrian statue in the Georgian style, the horse pawing the air, supported by a heavy post, and my mother represented with a look of infinite disdain, holding an extended roll of parchment, the familiar sounds arose, while he ejaculated between the throes, 'She has caught the features . . . and idealised them !'

But as a rule Lightfoot was noted for an imperturbable silence. It has been said that he was painfully shy, and would have given much to be able to join in social conversation. That was not the impression he gave : he seemed quite content to be silent, and appeared to be preoccupied. There is a story that late in his life an American lady, to whom he was unknown, said to him on the platform of a Scotch station, pointing to a distinguished ecclesiastic, 'I am told that the Bishop of Durham is in this train ; can you tell me if that tall handsome man is he?' 'No, ma'am,' said Lightfoot, 'the Bishop of Durham is very short and plain.' There was no doubt about the truth of the description. Lightfoot was ugly, not with a repellent or grotesque ugliness, but with an honest and straightforward plainness. He had a strong cast in his eye, so that one was never quite sure what he was regarding. The lower part of his face was very heavy, with a great under-hung jaw and thick lips. He looked, and was, a man of extraordinary determination. His body was sturdy and clumsy, and his rather small and dapper legs and feet seemed disproportioned to his weight. But this did not detract from the fact that at a function he bore himself with a fine deliberate dignity, and had a stately uplifted look which gave one a sense of immense force and weight. But in

ordinary life he was, as the rustics say, 'no company.' He did not even, as some silent people do, establish a sort of intimacy by kindly and humorous glances. He seldom looked at anyone, and appeared unconscious of the presence of others. He always ate a hearty meal, and his habit of breathing only through his mouth added somehow to the sense of his solidity. He rarely spoke to us as children, yet he somehow contrived to give us a sense of great kindliness and even interest. I remember once, as an Eton boy, stopping him, as he came with his rather precise light walk down the aisle of St. Paul's, and not only receiving the warmest greeting, but being carried off to the Chapter House, where he lived, and being entertained at an abundant extemporised meal, with much silent goodwill.

Lightfoot's friendship with my father began at school. He was born in 1828, the son of a Liverpool accountant, and after his father's death, his mother, who was the sister of J. V. Barber, the artist, migrated to Birmingham, her native town. Both my grandfather and Mrs. Lightfoot lived some little way out of Birmingham, and the two boys had an arrangement by which, on going in to school, the one who first came to a particular corner waited as long as he could, and, if he went on alone, was under a pledge to put a stone into a certain hole in the wall, to show that he had passed. Lightfoot was a popular humorous boy, extremely strong, but not athletic. The chief recreation which he and my father practised was to take immense pilgrimages on foot, on free days, to the surrounding towns and places of interest.

Lightfoot went up to Trinity in 1847, and read with Westcott, who was three years his senior; my father joined him a year later, and thus the triple friendship was formed.

My father and Lightfoot can hardly have been very normal undergraduates. They had certain fixed engagements. One was always to breakfast together on Sundays off a cold pie, and read the Fathers. I have lying before me as I write two thin books, bound in black leather, containing the services of the Canonical hours, from prime to compline, written out by the two friends—their handwriting was then strangely similar—and carefully rubricated with red initial letters. At least my father's copy has the initial letters. Lightfoot's copy has a few, but the task of mere ornamentation appears to have wearied him. They always met together the last thing, and said compline. The interesting point is that this was not, as it might easily have

been, an æsthetic fancy, but a matter of serious and unaffected devotion. Lightfoot took the highest honours, and was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity in 1852, the tradition being that my father beat him in the examination, but that, being his junior, his election was deferred till the following year.

Lightfoot settled down to College work, was ordained, and became a tutor of the College in his twenty-ninth year.

He had intended to annotate the great Orestean trilogy of Æschylus, but this was gradually and happily abandoned for a work which was intended to comprise all the Pauline Epistles. His relation with his pupils was interesting and characteristic. Many of them never discovered that he was anything but a shy, silent, firm, and good-humoured man. But there was a strong romantic fibre in Lightfoot's composition; he loved youth, and high spirits, and graceful demeanour, and the gaiety which he envied but could not emulate. He liked taking undergraduates on reading parties, and those who took courage to approach him confidently found themselves met with eager affection and unfeigned delight.

He became Hulsean Professor at the early age of thirty-three, and his lectures, contrary to custom, attracted large and enthusiastic audiences. It was a time of great theological disquiet and clerical animosity. The privileged monopoly of the Church of England was being actively assailed; but Lightfoot's good sense and deliberate toleration helped to keep things quiet at Cambridge. He never had the least touch of the *odium theologicum* about him, and treated denominational leanings, and even latitudinarian speculation, as matters of personal preference, not as objects of Pharisaical persecution. Being unaffectedly honest himself, he took the honesty of other people for granted. His career at Cambridge was one of quiet industry, unaffected devotion, and steadily increasing distinction. His physical strength and his power of work were enormous. He found time to teach, to write, to take a large part in administrative business, and was regarded with extraordinary respect and affection on all sides.

He refused the Bishopric of Lichfield in 1867, before he was forty. But he accepted a Canonry of St. Paul's in 1871, where he became a great and effective preacher, while he added to his labours a membership of the Universities Commission in 1877, and was one of the Revisers of the New Testament.

Indeed, it is certain that that revision, which has been so unfavourably criticised, bears the marks of Lightfoot's influence to a far larger degree than it bears the marks of any other individual mind, except perhaps of Westcott's. Lightfoot always adhered to his deliberate principles in the matter, and maintained that the objections made to the new text were almost entirely due to the unrecognised effect of mere familiarity with the old.

I recollect well how, in January 1879, an urgent telegram arrived from Lightfoot to my father, who was then Bishop of Truro, and how he travelled down by night for a day of anxious conference. He had been offered the Bishopric of Durham by Lord Beaconsfield, and his face and demeanour testified to his extreme perplexity. None of his friends had the smallest doubt that it was his duty to accept, but he did not share their confidence. It meant for him giving up duties with which he was entirely familiar, and which no one doubted he was discharging with immense effectiveness. It meant his abandoning his life-work on the Pauline Epistles. He was, on the other hand, faced with the prospect of a task which was not wholly congenial. He knew that he had no social gifts: he had no power of saying deftly the pointed criticism or the appropriate compliment. He had lived entirely in academic circles, he knew nothing of the world. But he made his choice. He was rewarded by finding that he had an extraordinary aptitude for detailed administrative work, and that his sturdy good sense, his unpretentious simplicity, and his unfailing good-humour, recommended him at once to the confidence and affection of the laity, high and low, of his great diocese, from the county magnate who could recognise a straightforward Christian gentleman, to the pitman who knew an honest man when he saw him.

The private background to his public life was a very delightful one. In the summer of 1879 I went up with my father to stay at Bishop Auckland. I was fairly staggered by the immense princely mansion of florid Gothic, with its pleasaunce, its stone screens, its ranges of bedrooms, its vast throne-room where the old levées of the Prince-Bishops used to take place, and its stately chapel, rich in woodwork.

Lightfoot had established himself there with two young chaplains, both men of great social charm—the present Bishop of Wakefield and the present Dean of Lichfield. He had, too, half a dozen theological students, young graduates, who lived

a free and delightful life, half domestic, half collegiate. It was evident that he was enjoying himself to the full. He treated his young men with a charming indulgent fraternal affection, poking fun at them in his quiet way, and enjoying the free but respectful banter which he encouraged them to use. The young men read their books, were lectured by the chaplains, and worked in the neighbouring pit-villages. All the meals were taken in common, and he would receive no payment for their expenses. His large-handed generosity was indeed one of his most marked characteristics: money streamed from him, not only in small subscriptions, but in great princely gifts. Simple as he was, he liked the state of his great house. I remember driving once with him and my father through the disparked chase. At what seems to me now to have been an immense distance from the Castle, we passed a great solemn lodge-gate. 'Yes, it is bewildering, but rather shocking,' said Lightfoot, 'to think that my personal domain extended as far as this!' Happy as his Cambridge time had been, I believe that the time of his episcopate was the happiest period of his life. His strength seemed equal to all demands, he organised the immense diocese with ease and success, he attracted devoted helpers to the North, he felt that he possessed the thorough confidence of his great flock, and he had the happy background of his college of friendly students.

Occasionally the sense of humour which lay at the back of his mind found a quiet vent. There is a delightful story of how a very loquacious and prolix gentleman came to stay with him at Auckland, and deluged the party with minute domestic details, referring to his own family circle. The Bishop followed his annals for a time, and then became lost in silent meditation. There suddenly alighted on a dish of oranges a large solitary bluebottle, which had often been noticed, apparently the only winter occupant, of its species, of the big dining-hall. The Bishop caught sight of it, and, fixing his eyeglass, cried out with delight, 'Hullo, hullo! there's our fly! Look at him!' This effected a diversion, and the rest of the history had to be entrusted to subordinate ears.

But apart from his own circle he did not succeed in manifesting any particular social ease. The last time but one that I saw him he came to stay at Addington. There were some visitors in the house, who were intensely curious to see him. I was with them in the drawing-room just before dinner, when



the door was cautiously opened, and a large head was inserted. The Bishop having thus ascertained that it was the right place, screwed his eyeglass into his eye, advanced into the room in his precise manner, and took up a position on the hearthrug in absolute silence. I presented the eager visitors. He shook hands in silence, and stared at the chandelier. I did what I could, but he was obdurate, and did not utter a word until the other guests appeared.

In 1888 he had a sudden breakdown in health, the result of symptoms disregarded and the immense strain of his work. He went to Braemar for a holiday, where I saw him for the last time. I went to the hotel where he was staying, which had two projecting bow-windows, at each end of the front. The first-floor windows on each side were open. As we approached, I saw that Lightfoot was standing at one, looking out on the drive, while at the other was visible the noble head, with its finely cut features, its sanguine tinge, adorned by Olympian curls, of Sir Frederick Leighton. It was a strange contrast: both men were invalided, and by the same complaint. I was much shocked at Lightfoot's appearance: he looked aged, frail, and broken. He was thin and drawn—the ghost of his former self. His eyes seemed to be larger, and had a fixed and suffering stare. I never saw a man with death so legibly written in his face; and he had, too, a distressing apathy and languor about him, very different from his old sturdy cheerfulness. It is a grievous pity that the great portraits of him, by Sir W. B. Richmond, at Auckland and Trinity, faithfully record this last enfeebled stage.

I have no thought of trying here to estimate the range and worth of Lightfoot's exegetical work. What I wish to bring out is the tone and character of his mind, and the spirit in which he laboured. The principle on which he worked at the Pauline Epistles seems simple and obvious enough when it is once forcibly stated. The surprising thing is that it had never been so clearly stated and pursued before. Previous commentators on St. Paul had worked from a standpoint of classical Greek; they had been brought up and nourished, that is to say, on a language which had reached its full perfection four or five hundred years before St. Paul wrote. The result was that they thought of the Pauline or Hellenistic Greek as to a certain extent a debased and degraded language, which had seen its best days, and had no unimpeachable monuments of literary taste to recommend it.



They recognised, of course, that it was in a sense an altered language, with a different terminology, different usages, and with transmuted literary values and nuances. But the perfection of the masterpieces of the golden age of Attic Greek had so sunk into their minds that they could not put themselves at the new angle. They thought of St. Paul, perhaps not quite consciously, as of a man whose intention it was to use Attic Greek, but in whose case the purity of the language at its best had been vitiated by an unfortunate deterioration of usage. The very terms he used, the nouns and adjectives denoting abstract qualities, appeared to them to retain their earlier significance and to connote the earlier ideas. Of course the surprising thing is that the language, in so long a lapse of time, had on the whole altered so little, and that very fact tended to augment the error.

Lightfoot's position was that St. Paul was using a perfectly definable language, with an absolutely distinct and ascertainable terminology of its own, and that he was using it with all the skill of a literary artist, who knew quite well what he was about, and expressed with entire lucidity and force what he intended to say. Lightfoot's view, then, was that one must not read the writings of St. Paul through classical spectacles, but that one must endeavour, by comparison of his language with contemporary Hellenistic Greek, to ascertain what the words he was using did actually mean to him and to his contemporaries. Lightfoot had been brought up in the school of Prince Lee, and had imbibed from the first a method of precise verbal analysis. But he was not, like Westcott, misled by any strain of poetical fancy. A writer like St. Paul, who is anxious to prove his points in a dialectical way, and to work out definite trains of thought, does not use words in a mystical and poetical sense, haunted with a consciousness of their history and tradition. He does not, as a poet might, desire to produce a vague atmosphere of remote associations, but to make an intricate and subtle matter as clear as possible to his readers. Westcott was almost hampered by the knowledge of what words and tenses might have meant, or had meant, at an earlier stage in the literary history of Greek. But Lightfoot, with the admirable common-sense and hardheadedness that characterised him, saw that St. Paul was using contemporary Greek in such a way as to make his meaning absolutely intelligible to his followers. And

the result was that Lightfoot was able to follow and to reproduce the exact thought in St. Paul's mind, in a way in which it had never been analysed before. Thus his paraphrases of the Pauline argument, though they have little literary grace, are perfectly invaluable to all who desire to see what was the line of argument which St. Paul was pursuing.

In one respect it is possible that this method affected him unduly. Anyone who has studied the Authorised Version of the Scriptures in connexion with the Greek, will know that the Jacobean translators used a considerable variety of English words to translate the same word in Greek, and seem to have been guided more by the metrical euphony of the translation than by strict linguistic interpretation. Lightfoot was very strongly in favour of the same word in English being invariably used for the same word in Greek. The principle is on the whole sound; but the correspondence can never be quite exact. Sometimes the original Greek word will have a more extended range of meaning than the corresponding English word, and *vice versâ*, and sometimes it may happen that a word is used in one special aspect in a particular passage which may not correspond to its more general equivalent in English. The principle is no doubt right in the main, though it may be possible to defend a certain elasticity of exceptions.

There was one special point in Lightfoot's theological work which needs a word. He is often quoted as an instance of a writer of impeccable accuracy who admitted that Episcopacy was not part of the primitive order of the Church. It is an entire misunderstanding. Lightfoot believed and taught that Episcopacy was an Apostolical institution—Monarchical Episcopacy, as it is called, apart from mere presidential functions. He referred the probable establishment of it to the closing years of St. John's life, and to his personal sanction. What he did teach was that it was subsequent to the establishment of the Priesthood, and grew naturally out of it as a consistent development of Church authority. He more than once made a public contradiction of the misunderstanding, which, for all that, had and has a curious persistence.

But, speaking generally, the whole of Lightfoot's exegetical work is marked by certain main characteristics—detachment, neutrality, historical insight. He showed in the first place an admirable common-sense, almost of the nature of genius.

He never had the slightest touch of the advocate about his writings. He went to the Pauline Epistles with the desire of finding out what they actually meant, not to confirm what they were expected to mean, or what they had been understood to mean, and still less with any idea of making them express what he himself wished to believe. His tone was like a clear and fresh wind blowing through the mist of ecclesiastical prepossessions and traditions, which it was deemed unsafe to disturb. He had no fear of insecurity or uncertainty. His work was to interpret a great writer with transparent honesty, not to accentuate the bias which had been imported into his words by writers whose creed was more definite than their scholarship.

And from one ecclesiastical quality he was wholly and entirely free. He had no touch of the doctrinaire about him. He was really and truly tolerant. He was not in the least impatient or contemptuous of opinions contrary to his own, so long as they were founded upon sound and laborious investigation. What put him in a superior position was the preeminent patience and the candour of his own work. It may be possible to take up the position that St. Paul was mistaken, or that he had not sufficient data before him to form his conclusions; but it is hardly possible to disagree with Lightfoot as to what the data were from which St. Paul worked, or what the actual conclusions were which he did, as a matter of fact, draw from them. It is not too much to say that Lightfoot got as near to the mind of a writer of high and inspired genius as it is possible to get.

Perhaps the only one of Lightfoot's writings in which there is any touch of controversial animus is the refutation which he published of a book which appeared in 1874, entitled 'Supernatural Religion,' which professed to show that there was no miraculous element in Christianity, that miracles are indeed antecedently incredible, that the evidence obtainable from the Apostolic period is untrustworthy, and that the four Gospels have no sufficient warrant for their reputed date and authorship. Lightfoot considered the criticisms in the book loose, pre-tentious, and full of errors, and he thought that 'a cruel and unjustifiable attack' was made in the book on a very dear friend, to whom he was attached 'by the most sacred personal and theological ties.' The book had attracted a good deal of attention, because it was believed to be the work of a prominent and respected Bishop. But it is characteristic of Lightfoot's

affectionate and generous nature that the one and only time that any note of personal severity appears in his writings was when it was induced by his chivalrous affection for a companion and friend.

Of course it is useless to pretend that scientific observation and the application of the scientific method has not put religious controversy within the last fifty years on very different lines from those on which it had been hitherto conducted. Formerly, when the historical basis of Christianity was not substantially doubted, religious controversy mainly concerned itself with the interpretation rather than with the origin of Christian documents. Now, when the history of testimony and evidence generally, and the investigation of its psychological basis, are better understood, the tendency is not so much to impugn the *bona fides* of the writers of early records, as to believe that their observation and their opportunities of investigating evidence were at fault. The important thing is for the defenders of orthodox Christianity to approach the documentary evidence in a spirit of open-minded candour, to make it clear what earlier writers actually said and wrote, and to establish as far as possible their substantial accuracy. In the first heyday of scientific opposition to religious claims, the tendency was to deride and to dismiss the whole of the miraculous element as a mixture of credulity and pious invention. But now, when the border-line between the normal and the abnormal seems less clearly ascertained, the controversy assumes a more scientific aspect. The opponents of religious belief are inclined now to say, not 'We can accept no record of miraculous events as genuine,' but rather, 'Show us for certain that the miraculous events recorded are indisputably true, and we will regard them as manifestations of a natural force of an abnormal character, which are then the outcome of definite laws, which we will proceed to investigate.' What is demanded is that supernatural forces should not be regarded as purely arbitrary and fortuitous, but that they should be looked upon as the symptoms of a definite if unknown force, and as such be added to the phenomena which it is man's business to investigate. The whole province of psychology which deals with imagination and opinion requires still to be scientifically surveyed. We are as yet only on the threshold of that region.

The work which Lightfoot did was the putting of certain phenomena, certain products of the human mind, certain re-

corded experiences of a bygone age, in a perfectly clear and pure light. If theologians had always worked in that spirit, and not in the spirit of the partisan fighting to confirm foregone conclusions, the strife would have lost much of its bitterness.

But after all, the most remarkable fact in the career of Lightfoot is that, after accepting the See of Durham with real misgiving and something of considerable though godly fear, he became so instantly and even blithely at home there. Partly it was the intense relief at finding himself able, without effort and reluctance, to do the work of the See easily and with dignity. Everyone, it is said, ought to have a complete and entire change of habits and work at least once in a lifetime. This was Lightfoot's great change; and there is probably a physical justification for it. From using the scholarly and erudite lobes of the brain, he passed to the work of organisation, to financial schemes, to public activities. He made acquaintance with new faces and with a totally different kind of persons from those who had peopled the academical seclusion in which he had lived. His romantic and paternal sympathy with youth made him take great delight in his Confirmation work. He liked the pitmen, and their shrewd critical welcome. He liked the clergy of his diocese, and the sensible kindly laymen of his County Palatine. If he did not talk easily to them, they on the other hand found it easy to talk to the great scholar, who turned out to be so simple and unaffected a man. He established a marvellous hold over them. When he produced a great scheme for Church extension, it was thought that he would receive but little support; but when 30,000*l.* had been subscribed in the room, on the occasion of the first meeting, a bewildered critic said, 'The Diocese has gone mad.' It proved a sustained and reasonable madness! My impression as a boy, when I saw him at Auckland, was that he was in high spirits, and enjoying himself with an effervescence of cheerfulness such as I had never seen him exhibit before; instead of being, as I had seen him to be when the decision was pending, an anxious and careworn man, he seemed alert and lively, overflowing with good-humour and enjoyment. He was among his young men like a busy man taking a holiday. He was proud of his magnificent house, and had a simple and frank pleasure in the state of his great position. There was a pompous Bishop of Bristol in the eighteenth century who was fond of stating that he was a peer of the realm, with the addition of the unctuous formula,

'God knows how unworthy!' Lightfoot did not labour under a sense of unworthiness. If those whose task it was to find the worthiest occupant of the See had decided that he could adequately fill it, and if the friends who knew him best had confirmed their choice, he was content to do his best. There is no sort of doubt that those years of joyful strength and activity were the happiest years of his life. Some of his friends were surprised, and even pained, that he could transfer his interests so wholeheartedly from Cambridge to his Northern See; they had half hoped that he would have hankered after the old collegiate days and the academical attitude, as the sailor at sea longs for the green fields of home. But he did not show the slightest disposition to regret his choice; and his dear friend and successor, Bishop Westcott, summed up the situation by saying that he was delighted to find that Cambridge was forgotten by Lightfoot, and wisely forgotten, and that he recognised in Lightfoot, in his new life, the same true comrade and wise friend, only all translated into a larger scale. When, after his great breakdown in health, Lightfoot returned for too short a time to work, he made a statement on the subject, in a public speech, of almost sublime manliness. He then hoped that he had regained, or would regain, his old vigour; but he said, boldly and frankly, that if his overwork had meant a sacrifice of life, he would not have regretted it for a moment: 'I should not have wished to recall the past, even if my illness had been fatal. *For what, after all, is the individual life in the history of the Church? Men may come and men may go—individual lives float down like straws on the surface of the waters till they are lost in the ocean of eternity; but the broad, mighty, rolling stream of the Church itself—the cleansing, purifying, fertilising tide of the River of God—flows on for ever and ever.*'

That is really the secret of happiness—to dare to subordinate life and personal happiness and individual performance to an institution or a cause, and to be able to lose sight of petty aims and selfish considerations in the joy of manly service.

And then there is another point which must be emphasised—that Lightfoot in his utterances about life always subordinated the sense of the duty of work to the sense of the pleasure of work. This is one of the simple secrets of life that is constantly overlooked in surveying the lives of others. We know most of us that we enjoy our own work—*le travail, il n'y a que ça!*—but we have seldom enough imagination to transfer the sense of our own enjoy-



ment into the view we take of the work of others. We are too apt to think of work, if not on our own lines, with a sense of compassion and wonder that people can be so much absorbed in what seems dreary and uninteresting. This is particularly the case with erudition. We are apt to think of the laborious investigator as a man sustained by an incomprehensible standard of duty. We should rather think of him as a man engaged in so beloved a pursuit, so congenial an exercise of mind, that his one danger is that of excessive indulgence in an activity that is both desirable and adorable. The spirit of enjoyment is visible in the whole of Lightfoot's work. To make a complicated position perfectly clear, to ransack every possible source of information, to leave something absolutely complete, is one of the very highest and most overmastering of intellectual pleasures. And this pleasure was in Lightfoot's case infinitely heightened by the extraordinary candour and fairness of his mind, so that he never approached a question with the desire to emphasise his own predispositions, but simply to present the facts as truthfully as possible.

The impression, then, that the life of Lightfoot leaves upon the mind is of a man of immense mental power, wholly freed, by a large tranquillity of outlook and a remarkable balance of physical faculties, from any of these troublesome individualistic traits which are apt to haunt the path of the intellectual man.

He was wholly free from morbidity, vanity, jealous suspicion, and caprice; and, what is even more rare, he had no tendency to over-subtlety, no aloofness of view, no exaggerated respect for intellectual distinction. Men nurtured in academic influences are apt to be lacking in imaginative sympathy for those whose mental processes are simpler and more restricted, and are inclined to rate purely intellectual capacity, apart from character, too high among the motive forces of the world. Lightfoot never made any such mistakes. He valued men for their moral qualities more than for their mental performances. His own work was a moral rather than an artistic process, and depended more upon patience, clearheadedness, and industry than upon brilliance or suggestiveness. He had little of Westcott's poetry and speculative interest; he had hardly any of my father's passionate love of ecclesiastical tradition and sacred associations. He had little instinct for emphasising either the beauty of holiness or the holiness of beauty. Rightness of conduct, justice, purity, laboriousness, were the qualities he valued best and practised most.



He was held by some to be unappreciative of the work of others, and sparing of his praise; the fact was that he cared nothing for applause himself and detested compliments, and he did not realise that others could value what seemed to him to be unmeaning and uncomfortable civilities.

But all this makes him perhaps the strongest witness that this generation has seen to the vital and literal truth of Christianity. The Christian faith is so bound up with the history, the passionate hopes, the great affections of men, that idealistic natures are apt to make light of the critical difficulties which surround its origin, in the light of its splendid successes, its emblazoned roll of heroes. Again, the surpassing beauty and sweetness of the Gospel story, and its profound appeal to the sensibilities of peace-loving hearts, are apt to cause a surrender of reason and logical exactness in the minds of those who are reduced to despair by the stupidities and brutalities of humanity, and the intolerable delays that beset the path of emotional progress.

But Lightfoot brought to his consideration of the origins and records of Christianity a sturdy, lucid, and prosaic mind, absolutely fearless and candid, incapable of any sacrifice of truth and reasonableness. His faith was neither mystical nor symbolical; it was plain, direct, and sensible. Through nebulous tradition, through the distortions of biassed partisans, through obscure and unverifiable testimony, he discerned and realised the actuality of the central figure of Christianity. His reason was never dragged at the chariot-wheels of adoration; he worshipped because he believed, and he believed because his reason was satisfied. It is impossible to suspect Lightfoot of any concession to opinion or sentiment. He was a man of profound and balanced intellect; and he deduced with an almost mathematical exactness from the first recorded ripples of Christian thought the divine energy of the central spring. If a man with Lightfoot's quality of mind had been a determined opponent of Christianity, there would have been countless doubters who would have sheltered themselves under his ægis. Yet he would have been the last to desire that any living man should have pinned his faith upon the faith of another. He had no taste for leadership, no desire for personal domination; he did not desire any credit for his services to truth, nor did he wish to be admired and applauded for presenting an interesting and attractive theory of religious orthodoxy. There was nothing which he preached so

constantly or practised so firmly as the duty of tolerance, of adaptability, of respect for sincere if hostile opinion; and thus he became a witness for Christian truth whom it is in the highest degree unphilosophical to overlook or disregard.

Like James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, so Lightfoot might have said of the faith, with the Psalmist of old, 'I bear up the pillars of it.' It is, of course, the last thing he would have either said or thought! It was not that he undervalued his work or depreciated its importance. He simply had neither the time nor the taste for the garlands and the trumpets of life. He worked among the sheepfolds with the same integrity, diligence, and kindness as he used when he came into his kingdom; and he passed through life very much as Mr. Greatheart accompanied the pilgrims, loving the work he was sent to do, with an amused tenderness for the young and weak, a sturdy self-confidence that was neither rash nor egotistical, and a very practical dexterity in dealing with the giants who encumber, now as then, the road to the city of God.

THE LOST IPHIGENIA.<sup>1</sup>

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

## CHAPTER XVII.

'I HEARD the winding of the horn for you this morning,' said Sarolta, abruptly greeting the tenor, when they met at the midday meal the next day.

'Yes, Fräulein Sarolta. I went, and, as I was telling the wife, I bring back news. The Master has gone—to Berlin!'

Sarolta bent her head over the sorrel and parsley soup to hide her face. She knew she must be pale because she felt so cold. Gone, without a word!

'Ach, ja. The Kaiser has summoned him.' Friedhelm paused impressively. Then he plunged at his soup again. 'Yes, it is so; all honours come together.—And now, little wife, I will continue. It seems His Majesty has a wish that "Iphigenia" should be given in Berlin, early in the year, for the royal visits.'

'Ach, Friedel!' Frau Bertha exclaimed. This was indeed news; the colour deepened on her plump cheeks.

'Yes, Bertha,' said her husband, genially answering the wistful glance: 'Thou shalt accompany us. Who should be there if not thou? A box shalt thou have, to invite thy relations into. And pretty thou shalt make thyself. An occasion for new frocks, if ever there was one! What? *Leberwurst* to-day! *Prachtvoll!*'

He paused to help himself from the savoury dish—your master of the house is served first in Germany.

'And so Dr. Lothnar is gone?'

Sarolta's voice sounded strange to her own ears, and she felt her hostess's eyes bent upon her with that unfriendly scrutiny which had come into them of late. Friedhelm began to laugh.

'I found him—just think—ready to indite a telegram of refusal! Ach, you should have seen him! "I," he growled, "to come at their beck and call! . . . I, to offer them another of my soul's

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1911, by Agnes and Egerton Castle, in the United States of America.

children to stone!" My blood ran cold, I assure thee, *Herzchen*. I saw him on the point of committing the mistake of his life. "Well," I said, "refuse—refuse if you will. The Berliners will say you're afraid." "Afraid, I!" Again laughter shook the giant at the reminiscence. "The very hair on his head rose; he faced me like a lion incensed. Then of a sudden he cried: "I will go! I will tell the Emperor: 'Iphigenia' I will not yet give in Berlin, but if you want work of mine, 'Hippolytus' you shall have. 'Hippolytus'!" he roared at me—"Hippolytus," that was hissed and mocked and damned—ten years ago. He can take it or leave it, but—but—" there came into his eyes that light!—you know, *Fräulein*." Instinctively the artist had turned to the fellow-artist. "Take it he will," he said then; "I will triumph where I was rejected." And so to Berlin he has gone; and those two great ones will meet to-morrow!"

Frau Bertha's under-lip trembled like that of a disappointed child.

'Such an attitude to the Emperor! His Majesty will never tolerate such independence. *Ach was!* It will come to nothing but shame for him, and that will be the end of it.'

'The shame will not be for Dr. Lothnar!' cried Sarolta, and drew upon herself again the gaze of reprobation, doubt, and dislike.

'Do not excite yourself, *Fräulein*,' said the lady, in tones which reminded the girl of Frau Hegemann.

The peace-loving tenor interrupted:

'My beloved, that *Leberwurst*—it had a thought too much pepper.'

'Ach, Friedel—is it possible?—too much! Rosa perhaps, while my back was turned——'

'Nevertheless, I will have some more.'

'Will Dr. Lothnar be back for the "Prometheus"?' asked Sarolta after a long silence.

'Not probable, *Fräulein*, unless he fails to arrange things in Berlin—and that's not likely, my Bertha, I assure you; he will have many preparations to make. Our Webel will conduct on Thursday. The wife and you must have good seats: I will see to that.'

The Thursday of the 'Prometheus' was a day of storm and wind, and Reinhardt returned from a long morning at the theatre, wet through. He was in high spirits, scoffed at his wife's remon-

strance, ate an enormous meal to last him till his late supper, and fell heavily asleep in his armchair over a cigar.

'Friedhelm is flushed,' said Frau Bertha to Sarolta.

The two sat together in the overheated salon; the rain was streaming against the panes, and even the air-loving Sarolta could not venture out. She had promised, moreover, to help her hostess with the mending of Prometheus' tunic, which was unexpectedly discovered to be torn.

'What weather!' proceeded the wife. 'What a career! And my Friedhelm excites himself so much over his work.'

A long snore penetrated through the half-opened door of the dining-room. For the fourth time Frau Reinhardt left her sewing to creep across the painted boards and look in upon her sleeping lord.

'He is certainly flushed—' she repeated when she returned.

'How she fusses!' thought Sarolta wearily. 'How could an artist hamper himself with such a wife?' Her own thoughts were far away, wondering how it went with him yonder in Berlin—and if he thought of her; wondering why he had not sent her a line, a word. Was she so little to him, after all? Was he so much afraid of gossip? She remembered Friedhelm's mimicry: 'I—afraid?'—remembered that Lothnar had gone to oppose the most powerful will in the land. No, it was not that. What then? He had faith in her faith. . . . We understand each other,' he had said. Yes, that was it. She must never let him guess these doubts, this weakness.

Suddenly she found that her companion was waiting for an answer to some question.

'I beg your pardon,' she stammered, dazedly looking up from her mechanical stitching.

'Aber, Fräulein Sarolta,' cried the other acidly; 'anyone so absent-minded these last days I have never seen. I cannot conceive what has come over you!' The mollifying influence of Sarolta's usefulness gave way before a return of sharp suspicion. 'Three times I have asked your opinion. Have you noticed which my Friedhelm seems to prefer as a *Bei-essen*—the raw ham or the apple and herring salad? I have prepared a Hamburg steak for his supper, and to that I must have a *Schmeck Stück*. My Friedel returns ever so tired and so hungry!'

But though there were herring salad and Hamburg steak for supper that night, Prometheus was unable to do justice to either.

He was heavy and unlike himself, thought Sarolta, though unalterably good-tempered. Finally, in answer to his wife's questions, delivered with almost irate anxiety, he confessed that he had a headache.

'Thou didst catch a chill this morning. . . , I knew it!' she cried tragically. 'Thou wast naturally perspiring at rehearsal, and didst come forth into the wet. Ach, did I not bid thee take thy rain-coat?'

'It was not raining when I left. It was not that. But to-night—nay, it is true, on the stage I was cold. They left some windows open—and thou knowest it is a heavy part.'

Frau Bertha, in what Sarolta could not help thinking irritating and disproportionate solicitude, urged a cold packing, at which Friedhelm shivered; then a steam bath, upon which he vowed he was burning hot, and in proof of it extended his hand. The wife had a fresh explosion as she felt it. She seemed unaccountably angry, Sarolta thought.

'Fever—thou hast fever!' she exclaimed accusingly.

He laughed at her, heartily enough to disarm such suspicions.

'I only want bed, my little wife.'

He consented, however, to camomile-tea.

In the dawn Sarolta was awakened by her hostess's appearance at her bedside.

'Fräulein Sarolta, rouse yourself, for God's sake!' Through webs of tangled dreams the girl stared, not sure if this were not also a dream. 'My Friedhelm is so ill—oh, so ill! I must have the doctor. Yet I cannot leave him. I do not know which way to turn—Rosa is so stupid.'

Sarolta sat up. This was no dream. The plump, bustling, self-satisfied Bertha was trembling, and seemed quite unaware of the tears that were coursing down her cheeks.

'I will go!' cried the girl promptly. 'Don't be frightened—of course it's only influenza.'

'Ach, he is so ill!' moaned Bertha. It was the poor woman's very composure as she explained the address and the shortest road to the doctor that most impressed upon her listener the urgency of the moment. But, as soon as she felt herself understood, she broke down again.

'Ach, if we had not been exiled here!' she sobbed. 'No telephone . . . such a distance! . . . If I lose my Friedel—' She rushed away upon these words.

'If I lose my Friedel!' The thought pursued Sarolta as she dressed with a haste that almost defeated its own end. Surely it was not possible that such a catastrophe could threaten! Only yesterday he had entered upon them in splendour of health; had laughed and eaten and slept with all his Viking zest. It was nonsense, of course—only Frau Bertha's inborn fussiness.

Yet, as Sarolta ran down the creaking wooden stairs and out into the misty garden, where daylight was still but a lividness on the face of night, a sense of immense tragedy had already taken possession of her soul.

Although every medical authority of note in Frankheim assembled in the wooden house by degrees that day, to fight for Friedhelm Reinhardt's life, from the very beginning it was a losing battle.

To mind the little Ulrich in the attic nursery, while a distracted Rosa ran between kitchen and sick-room, was all that Sarolta could do. With the artist's horror of pain and painful emotions, she was glad enough not to be wanted below. She sat the long hours through, listening to the hurried feet that went in and out, to and fro, on stairs and passages; to the sound of the motors that crunched upon the road. And ever and anon the cry of a voice, dreadfully hoarse, would reach her and set her shuddering; the tenor was delirious, and now would sing, in unrecognisable notes, some stave that had flowed in such golden purity from his lips only a few hours ago; now, declaring that the horn was calling him, would strive to rise from his bed in such fever strength that it was as much as Webel and the doctors could do to hold him down.

The little Ulrich, not yet two years old, was a heavy healthy child, to whom Sarolta had never felt herself in the least drawn. His contented stolidity, however, made her task very easy. He would sit on her lap, or play with his toys, as she wished. She had nothing to distract her mind from its anxiety. And all the while her heart was sick within her. She had not realised before how much Friedhelm, great artist and simple kindly-hearted man, had become endeared to her! Never had she had from him anything but pleasant looks and words and helpful deeds. It came upon her now that life without his genial presence would be a cold place; yes, even to her who carried such fire in her heart.

'He would always have been my friend,' she told herself forlornly—'always . . . whatever happened—' and then caught herself up on that last thought with a stab of pain. What could happen? Even



if she lost her friend, was she not safe—she that had such a lover, such a betrothed?

And all through the long day she kept listening for one step on the stairs. Not a motor, not a droschke drew up to the garden gate that did not bring her to the window with a leaping hope. . . . Of course they had sent for him! Surely he would soon be here! And into her own selfish longing there grew a new terror—Friedhelm would die unless Lothnar were here soon! Unreasoned as the thought was, it obsessed her. She was certain of it—the presence of Lothnar alone could save his friend; Lothnar's strength only would have the power to wrest him from Death.

When Ulrichchen had docilely taken his supper and as docilely laid himself to sleep in the little white cot, Sarolta crept down the stairs. The house had grown very still; the carriage and the two cars had gone away, and she knew that Webel also had left, for she had heard his voice in the garden. She was driven by the desire to ask when the Master might be expected; but she did not dare knock at that closed door, and so she sat on the lowest step of the staircase, waiting. She wished that it were not all so silent; she could hear the distant voice of the torrent—so silent it was! Presently a bell rang shrilly from the sick-room, and with unusual promptitude Rosa pounded up the stairs, carrying a large block of ice in a basin. Frau Bertha came out as the heavy footsteps reached the landing. Impulsively Sarolta sprang forward; but the question died half-spoken on her lips as the other turned her face towards her. It was swollen and glazed with tears beyond recognition. But Frau Bertha was not crying now; she looked at Sarolta with a dreadful blank stare, snatched the ice from Rosa, and went back into the room.

Before the door was closed again, Sarolta caught a glimpse of the doctor she had herself fetched that morning; he was sitting at the foot of the bed, with his hands folded.

Heavily she went back to the attic, carrying the omen of that motionless figure in her heart: he was sitting with his hands folded—he could do no more. And Reinhardt lay so still.

She made no attempt to go to bed, but sat in the nursery arm-chair, feeding the stove from time to time, that its company might not fail her.

About midnight there was once again a stir echoing through the wooden house. It was no advent from without—the commotion came from within. Once she heard the doctor's voice crying an

order on the landing. The running of feet and the opening and closing of doors went on for a little while, and then the silence fell again. Then, just as Sarolta's palpitating heart was settling into some kind of quietness, Rosa's tired slouching tread resounded on the creaking stairs, stumbling with haste.

'Fräulein, Fräulein!' she gasped, bursting into the nursery, 'the Herr is dying, and 'the mistress says'—she struggled for breath—'the mistress says, you are to bring the little one—at once—at once!'

Sarolta heard the girl sob aloud, as she tramped down the stairs again.

At once—at once! There was no time for her to pause upon the terror and the sorrow of it; to listen to the shrinking coward instinct that would bid her fly and hide. She caught the sleeping child from his bed, wrapped him in the eiderdown, and, staggering under his weight, carried him out of the room. As the light of the landing struck upon his face he opened his eyes and pulled a lip of distress; but he was a good child, and the cry was no more than a whimper. It brought Frau Bertha out upon them instantly. Much as she had snatched the basin from Rosa's hand she now snatched her child. Not knowing what else to do, Sarolta followed her into the room.

She need not have dreaded the sight of the sick man. Reinhardt lay all his great length in a wonderful placidity. His bearded head was low on the pillows, and in the shaded light there seemed little change about his grand features. Only one hand outstretched upon the coverlet was touched with the lamp rays, and Sarolta saw that it was already the colour of death, and that it was never a moment still, but plucked and plucked as if at invisible blades of grass. And the doctor sat where he had sat before—with his hands folded.

She stood just inside the door; she heard the child's whimper, louder raised, and Reinhardt's voice—his own voice once more, only very far away.

'The poor little one! . . . Lay him close that I may kiss him, Bertha.'

Frau Bertha moved in a tense silence.

'Is that Sarolta?'—the far-away voice spoke again.

Sarolta came to the bedside; but he did not seem to know that she was close to him, and spoke straight before him.

'Ach, Sarolta, *wie schoen haben wir zusammen gesungen*—I shall never sing Hippolytus now.'

The wife turned with a fierce movement from the farther bed in which she had just laid the child. She fell on her knees, and caught the plucking hand.

'Ach, Friedhelm, Friedhelm . . . hast thou nothing to say to me—to me, thy wife?'

With all his failing senses he tried to respond to that cry. The light of the deep undeviating love of his whole manhood shone upon his face. He made an effort to turn in the bed towards her.

'*Mein armes, gutes Weibchen!*'

The words were more breathed than spoken, and then that very breath seemed to stop. Sarolta caught her own to listen; she saw the doctor half rise from his chair, and then fall back with a single gesture of helplessness.

A low moan from Frau Bertha intensified the awful waiting. Then, all at once, the giant figure raised itself sitting in the bed. Staring with widely opened eyes at that point of the room where Sarolta had first stood when she entered, the dying man flung out his hand towards it.

'Sarolta,' he cried in a loud warning voice, '*hüte Dich* . . . have a care!'

The doctor sprang forward; but it was Frau Bertha who caught her husband in her arms as he fell back. But even as she did so, she flung one look at Sarolta—a look of hatred. It was across a dead man.

'God's will!' said the doctor. His voice broke; he had been Friedhelm's close friend.

Sarolta fell on her knees, and hid her face against the chair nearest to her. She had seen death before; but not like this. The good uncle Mosenthal had slipped away as a child may fall into sleep, and none could have told the moment of the passage. But to die with words of delirium on his lips, in that sudden leap of strength—it seemed unnatural, cruel, terrible, like a death by violence! Her soul was filled with a sick terror: why should he have called to her? And why had Frau Bertha that look in her eyes?

She knew of no sin in her own heart, and yet had a sense of guilt. She could not reason; she could not pray—scarcely think; only a black dread was upon her. She heard Frau Bertha's voice, quite calm:

'*Bitte, lieber Freund*, it is only my hand that must touch him. I will close his eyes.'

Sarolta shuddered. Reinhardt's eyes that had always looked so joyously and kindly upon life!

Steps upon the stairs without!—steps and a voice she knew.

'The Master is here!' said Webel, entering; a thrill of hopeful excitement in his usually level tones.

'*It is too late!*'

Sarolta never knew if anyone had really said the words aloud, or if it were only the utterance of her own grief; but she knew that the conductor's voice trailed off with a groan, and that, as he stood blocking the doorway, some one thrust him aside.

Then, while the great silence of Death held them all, Lothnar's presence filled the room.

The girl had no thought now but for him. She saw him stand, his rough travel cloak flung open, his rugged face set as if granite-hewn; only his eyes moved from Reinhardt's still face to the faces of those about the bed—the widow's, the doctor's, her own. In spirit she flung out her arms to him with an impulse of tenderness that had never yet come over her love; but his glance swept over her as if he knew her not, and fixed itself again on the dead man. Then he brushed his forehead as one who would sweep away a foolish dream. He took a step forward:

'Friedel!'

The name fell with infinite gentleness. Frau Bertha suddenly sobbed.

'*Ach, verehrter Freund . . .*' began the doctor hoarsely. But both fell silent. Lothnar was blind and deaf to all but one thing.

'Friedel!' he called again, this time with a voice that shook the room. It had an awful ring of anger in its pain. The child woke and cried loudly; and Frau Bertha caught it up, her loosened tears falling like rain.

Lothnar took one of those livid hands that still lay as the last gesture had outflung them. Held by the horrible spell, the others saw him clutch and press. A moment he stood as if unable to believe that no answering pressure was to come. Then his frenzied fingers closed round the dead man's wrist.

'What is this?' His voice was so hoarse that it sounded like something torn.

Frau Bertha, hushing the child against her breast, answered: 'He is dead; leave him in peace!'

'Dead! That is a lie—idiots and fools you all are! Dead? You don't understand. How can he be dead? Friedel, thou art not dead . . .'

Lothnar dragged down the bedclothes that lay across the tenor's mighty chest; then gave a loud and dreadful cry of laughing triumph: 'He is warm, I tell you! No, no, friend of mine, thy heart could not turn cold so easily! What are you all about?—You, doctor—you, wife—bring me brandy; I will make him drink. See, I lift him up in my arms. He is smiling. Did I not tell you so—Friedel . . . my own breath I will pour into thy lungs. Cannot a sick man faint? . . . Brandy, you fools!'

The torn voice rose and fell in agonised cadence. Even while with one hand Lothnar passionately gestured for the restorative, with the other he clasped the inert weight against his breast. Then his head was bent, seeking the lips silent for evermore.

With an ejaculation: 'This must not be!' Dr. Baumann rushed forward. But Webel arrested him:

'*Austoben lassen!* Let him storm himself out . . .!' said he. He was quite unconscious of the tears that were rolling down into his beard.

No sooner had his mouth touched that of the dead man than Lothnar relinquished his grasp and fell on his knees as if stricken; his face pressed into the bedclothes, his hands clasped above his head.

Frau Bertha had checked her sobs. She laid her child back upon her bed and with deliberate movements re-arranged her husband's head on the pillow, smoothed the disordered clothes about him, folded the stiffening arms; next she drew the sheet over his face. Upon that face an unearthly serenity was settling ever more deeply—majestic rebuke of eternity to the futile human passion that raged about its rest.

She remained a moment, wrapped in a fierce composure, looking down at the convulsed figure on the other side of the bed.

'Take shame, Herr Lothnar,' she said suddenly, with anger, 'to disturb the peace of the dead—' The tears rushed back upon her. 'Do I not lose my all?' she sobbed; 'yet do you see me rail against the will of the Almighty?'

Every conventional instinct, every inherited tradition of the God-fearing simple burgher class from which she had sprung, had risen outraged within her, and rang in her voice.

Lothnar rose from his kneeling posture, and stood glaring at

her, wordless. Then his gaze fell upon the sheeted outline. He staggered, and the doctor caught him by the elbow. But, like some wounded wild beast, the touch stung him into strength of fury again.

'*Los!*' he thundered; steadied himself and breathed heavily through his nostrils. A torrent of words broke from him. It was Friedhelm's widow he denounced, and, behind her, Fate that had blundered:

'Your all!—you smug little kitchen wife!—What do you know of it?—what was he to you? A man to cook for, to cosset and plague, and give squalling children to! Anyone else, any coxcomb of a lieutenant, would have served you as well . . . will serve you as well—miserable creature who could not even keep life in his splendid frame! Impotent fools that you are! Had I been here, do you think I would have let him go? . . . You are resigned to the will of the Almighty! It comes easy to you! I—I—I!'—he struck forehead and breast alternately with frantic gesture—'I will have none of the God who mars His own handiwork. What am I without him? He is mine; he is necessary to me. My friend, the brother of my soul—more than that—the instrument of my art! *Er ist mir nötig, versteht ihr mich alle?*'

His eyes with their mad fire ran once more from face to face, to fall back on the shrouded figure. 'I cannot go without him. He is my Hippolytus!' His voice rang piteously of a sudden. 'It is not true,' he cried, and seemed like a man breaking from a trance or a delirium. 'Did anyone say that Hippolytus was dead!' He plucked at the sheet with an uncertain touch; and, as if the strength to lift it had failed him, fell against the bed, and from that to the floor.

'This is best,' said the doctor, wiping his forehead.

Sarolta, trembling in every limb, stood now holding on to the chair, as Webel and the doctor carried the unconscious man out of the room. What seemed a long while passed in the awful silence left behind. All at once, Frau Bertha turned like a tigress:

'If you please, Fräulein, you will leave me alone with my dead.'

The girl started from her miserable trance, and mechanically held out her arms for the child.

'*Ach, nein!*' cried the other. 'I keep my little one! Am I to have nothing left to me?'

To the sound of the widow's loud sobbing Sarolta dragged herself from the room which had held such unimaginable calamity that

night. By the open door of her own attic she remained listening, breathless; ever and anon creeping to the head of the little stairs to harken for what sounds could reach her from below. Once she told herself desperately that she must go to him: he had fallen as helpless as the dead man; what if he, too, were dying! But an invincible physical reluctance held her. Then suddenly she heard his voice in the hall—harsh, impatient—

‘Come, then, Webel—’

The outer door was closed very softly by some one from within, and a slow step came up the stairs. It was the doctor returning to the death-chamber.

She went back and flung herself exhaustedly, dressed as she was, on her bed. But it was not to sleep.

Beneath and beyond the anguish and grief and terror lay a pain sharper than all the rest—a question piercing and not to be answered. Lothnar had looked upon her, and had not seen her! What was she, then, to him?

## CHAPTER XVIII.

‘UNBELIEVABLE catastrophe; I am heartbroken,’ telegraphed Madame Costanza to the widow.

Telegrams and wreaths of every description, messages of regret and sympathy from all quarters of the musical world, poured into the little wooden house. Almost the whole of Frankheim, rich and poor, drove or tramped out of the Ost Thor to the garden gate, with a tribute that ranged from the many-streamered gold laurel wreath to the bunch of wild autumn flowers tied with a black string.

The funeral itself was a pageant such as Frankheim had rarely seen. The Opera Chorus sang a hymn round the open grave under the beating finger of Webel. Not a *Musik Verein* in the land but had sent its deputy. Yet the great artist was not so much regretted as the good fellow. It seemed that he had been an unobtrusive but generous helper of struggling comrades, and kindly anecdotes about him flew from lip to lip. Many shops were closed for the day; so was the theatre, indefinitely.

‘If it had been for a royal personage, it could not have passed off differently,’ said the widow, proudly lifting her crêpe-veiled



head and looking round through swollen eyelids at the group of sympathetic female friends who had flocked to her house after the ceremony. 'The Grand-Duke was represented, and even the Dowager Grand-Duchess—ach, she sent a wreath of *immortelles* !'

'We saw it, best Bertha, we saw it !' cried the friends in chorus. —'Black and yellow *immortelles*—*reizend* !'

'And that of the Berlin Conservatorium—ach, that was beyond words lovely—*allerliebst* !'

Wreath after wreath was re-enumerated with much ejaculation and clacking of tongues, and Frau Reinhardt felt great comfort steal upon her soul.

Presently the heads drew closer together. One, only one, had been conspicuous by his absence. The Herr Doktor Lothnar had not stirred outside the Altschloss since the night of his friend's death. None had seen him but Webel and his servant. The Archduke had sent his physician, who had been refused admittance. It was rumoured that Webel was in deep anxiety.

A lady tapped her forehead significantly ; another, not to be outdone, vowed that she knew, on the best authority—her Anna-Lise was a niece of Doctor Lothnar's own cook—that the composer had not swallowed bit or sup since—

The widow had drawn herself up and compressed her lips at the first mention of Lothnar's name. A deep grudge she bore him now. Was it not his Opera that had killed her Friedhelm ? Ah, and was not the deathbed scene an unforgettable outrage ? Yet that through grief for the loss of her husband the world-renowned composer should lose his wits was a tribute more startling than any other to the dead man's memory. So, though she darkened with dislike, she swelled with pride.

While friends thus administered comfort to the bereaved, Sarolta sat miserably alone in the little room where she had been so tremblingly joyful.

Frau Bertha had scarcely spoken to her since their parting on the night of death ; but, whenever they had met, the widow had shot dreadful glances at her—glances charged with hatred, with accusation and scorn.

'What have I done ?' thought Sarolta wearily. Not that she cared very greatly ; this was a minor trouble indeed, compared with the tide that swept her soul. Grief for Friedhelm, anxiety for her own future, her dismal isolation in this stricken house—everything was swamped in the bitter waters of her own misery.

The longing for the smallest sign from Lothnar, combined with a growing apprehension, possessed her utterly.

... 'Have a care, Sarolta!' What had Friedhelm meant by his warning? In the pain and horror of the moment she had failed to grasp its ominous significance. Now the words recurred again and again with terrifying insistence. What if it had been no delirium, but a vision in death of some peril which threatened her? What peril? She only knew of one that could affect her—the loss of Lothnar's love. She could not contemplate that.

When the early twilight of this funeral day began to fall, Frau Hegemann, who had a bat-like fondness for the darker hours, made her appearance at the wooden house; and, Frau Bertha's other company having departed to their own hearths, she remained on in long conclave with the widow.

The inner folds of the human heart shelter singular impulses. To none of her honest intimates did the mourner give her confidence; it was to this harsh and gloomy soul that she chose to lay bare the hidden wound—perhaps because she had always felt that Frau Hegemann hated Sarolta.

'He called her thou . . . with his last breath—he called her thou!'

'No man can be trusted with a wanton,' said Frau Hegemann bitingly.

The widow broke into wrath. Her Friedhelm had never been of such. God forgive her if she had suspected him! Yet, what could his warning have meant?—what was it that she, his own true wife, had ignored?

'Seek not to know,' advised the hag. 'Have I not learned the ways of artists?'

The other gave way to tortured sobbing.

'My Friedhelm! My Friedhelm!'

'Ach, in Heaven's name, blame him not, the girl being what she is! Did I not see from the first moment, in Paris?—how could you think she would spare your husband, when Dr. Lothnar himself has not escaped her?'

In some inexplicable way Frau Bertha found a kind of consolation in the thought. It was true the creature had had the boldness, the unheard-of effrontery, to go alone, day after day, to the Altschloss, in spite of all one could say to her—'and him not six weeks bereaved.'

The two women caught at each other, each in her new mourning. Then, trembling from head to foot, the widow cried she would as soon keep a snake in the house.

'I will take her back,' said Frau Hegemann grimly. 'This very night.'

Sarolta lifted a flushed face from her pillow, and stared at the gaunt black figure that stood at the foot of her bed like some cruel image of fate.

'Rise, Fräulein Vaneck, and pack.'

The girl gazed uncomprehendingly.

'It is impossible that you should remain here,' proceeded the rasping voice.

Sarolta sat up, her heart beating to suffocation.

'Why—who says so?' she stammered. Was this Lothnar's order? And what could it portend?

'That is a question, Fräulein, which you must answer for yourself. Frau Reinhardt declines to keep you—that should be enough. I am waiting to take you back to my house, this night.'

'To-night?'

'Yes, to-night. Your packing need not detain you for any undue length of time, I should imagine.'

With this sneer at the girl's modest wardrobe, Frau Hegemann withdrew.

It was next day that rumour ran like wildfire through Frankheim with an extraordinary tale.

An early visitor had brought a wreath to Reinhardt's resting-place in the little churchyard outside the town. He had found that the flowers left in a monstrous mound above the new-made grave had been thrust right and left, and that, upon the earth thus laid bare, a fire had been kindled, which had burnt itself out. Upon close inspection, he had discovered some fragments of charred but unconsumed manuscript and print—obviously of music, obviously also operatic. The young man—an artist who had arrived in Frankheim too late for the obsequies—hurried importantly to Weber carrying the torn half-burned pages with him.

For once the conductor was moved out of his phlegm.

'Ach, Gott, du Allmächtiger!' he cried, casting from his eyes the spectacles through which he had been peering—'the score of "Hippolytus"!'

There was little hair to tear upon that close-cropped head, but he tore at it.

'Calamity! Calamity!' he groaned; and, forgetting his spectacles on the floor, dashed from the room, leaving his visitor open-mouthed, unable as yet to realise the full significance of his own tidings.

Webel, who had scarcely slackened speed on the way, halted now on the threshold of the music-room, trying to pierce the darkness that reigned within. Every shutter was drawn against the lovely October sunshine. Lothnar had endured no light about him since that black night in the wooden house. It seemed, Webel thought, when outlines began dimly to shape themselves, as if the Master had not moved from the armchair in which he had left him the previous evening, sunk in an apathy from which no effort could rouse him.

A faint hoarse laugh sounded; upon this sign of life the conductor, striving for his wonted composure, closed the door behind him.

But after all he could not achieve composure. The greatness of the catastrophe he apprehended had shaken him too completely.

'Master—it is not true?'

'Of what babblest thou?'

'There has been one to the grave who has found—*ach, mein Freund*—has found our "Hippolytus"!'

'Our Hippolytus is dead—did you not know that?'

Webel wiped his wet forehead, took a blundering step in the gloom, and fell on his knees beside the armchair.

'*Verehrtester*—most revered . . .' he began, and choked. Without rising, Lothnar jerked the chair fiercely backwards.

'Webel—I hate thee—'

'Why so, dear Master?' said the poor conductor, kneeling humbly on. Excellent, self-reliant, sensible Teuton as he was, he was at his wits' end.

'Because thou art not Friedhelm,' pursued Lothnar. His voice had dropped to a sort of mocking sing-song. 'Because it was not you who died and left me my Hippolytus. Any one of you I could have spared, but not him. *Er war mir nötig*—he was necessary to me. . . . Yes—I went to the grave in the dawn, and there they lie all together, Prometheus, Achilles, Hippolytus—all my strong

sons—in one grave. Put up a stone, and write on it, "Here lies the soul of Lothnar" . . .'

Webel got heavily to his feet. In his extremity calmness returned to him.

'This is madness, Herr Doktor,' he said severely.

Again the uncanny laugh shook the occupant of the armchair.

'Did you think—did you ever think I was sane, O thou Webel?' Then the low half-chanting utterance was broken by a savage cry: 'Begone!'

Webel closed the door softly behind him and again wiped his forehead.

'Madness'—he said aloud—'perhaps death! . . . No help! Yet help must be found.' He struck his forehead as if to strike out thought. "'He was necessary to me!" Bah—what says the proverb? There is no necessary man.' To find another Reinhardt was impossible; but to find one who could fill his part, and fill it well—that was surely within the range of things that might be done. It must be done.

As the conductor stood reflecting, Mark, the servant, came slow-footed up the stairs, gazing at a telegraphic despatch which he held in his hands.

'Give!' said Webel unhesitatingly.

He opened the telegram and read, holding the sheet almost touching his eyes, in the absence of his spectacles: 'His Majesty graciously expects Herr Doktor Lothnar to reconsider his decision concerning the production of "*Iphigenia*" in Berlin next April.'

'*Ach, Gott!*' cried Webel again. With a gesture of despair he handed back the telegram to the servant, who read it stolidly, and nodded.

'Yes, we telegraphed we would be unable to give any representation in Berlin,' he commented.

'There is no time to be lost,' said Webel, with a groan, and hurled himself down the stairs.

Mark looked after him and shook his head.

'Even the Herr Direktor—gone distraught!'

## CHAPTER XIX.

GLOOM pervaded the atmosphere of the town. It was not so much because of the loss of their distinguished and popular fellow-

townsman as of the terrible consequences which seemed to threaten. Lothnar, their great one, was insane, some said ; was ill to death, others assured. With the dimming of its star, the glory of Frankheim faded. The theatre was closed, everything was at a standstill, blighted in full prosperity. Then two simultaneous occurrences brought consternation to its climax : one was a notice in the Berlin official 'Gazette,' regretting to inform its readers that, owing to Dr. Lothnar's ill-health, all prospects of the visit of the Frankheim Opera Company had had to be abandoned.

'We presume,' the correspondent proceeded to remark, 'that the distinguished composer must be very ill indeed, otherwise we cannot conceive that he would allow anything to interfere with the so graciously expressed wish of His Imperial Majesty, whose condescension, we understand, even went so far as to permit the substitution of the opera, "*Hippolytus*," for that of the originally demanded "*Iphigenia*." When we reflect upon the all-important occasion—nothing less than a gala performance during the forthcoming royal visits—at which Dr. Lothnar's work was to be presented, we realise the extent of the honour which it was his Imperial Majesty's pleasure to bestow, as head of the German Empire, upon a German composer ; and we lament the untoward stroke of fate which has befallen this latter at the highest point of his career. It is impossible to obtain any definite information as to Dr. Lothnar's state, so great is the rigorousness of the seclusion in which, by his own wish, or that of his friends, he is now enveloped.

'Unless, however, it is a case of mortal illness, or, as some would have us believe, of mental affliction, we confess ourselves unable to understand the exceedingly premature nature of his decision.'

The article was headed : 'The Lothnar Riddle.' It was of course copied into the local papers ; Frankheim read, and was plunged fathoms deeper into depression.

The other disturbing event was the departure of Dr. Webel for a destination unknown. That the conductor should leave his master at such a moment seemed inconceivable ; and, while a few optimistic spirits held to the theory either that he had been summoned by the Emperor himself, or had undertaken some secret mission for Lothnar, the opinion of the majority was that it was a case of rats in a sinking ship.

'He knows it's the end ; he has just gone off in quietness to look out for another post. There never was any sentiment about our Webel.'



This was the tenth day after the death of Reinhardt ; and it was upon the afternoon of that day that Sarolta made up her mind to go to the Altschloss.

She slipped out of the Hegemannsche Haus as the dusk was falling, and through the fine rain that enveloped the town took the familiar road—out by the Ost Thor, past the little wooden house ; not allowing herself to slacken pace till the gates of the Park rose glistening, with the blurred shadows of the trees behind them, in the dim evening light.

The doorkeeper would have stopped her ; but upon her desperate lying assurance, ' I have been sent for,' shrugged his shoulders and let her in. But to Mark, who after a long delay opened a grudging slit of doorway, she dared venture upon no such brazen statement.

Recognising her, however, he altered his defensive attitude and opened the door widely to address her, shaking his head in solemn negation as he did so :

*' Es geht nicht, Fräulein, 's geht nicht.'*

*' Oh, Mark, I must see him ! I must !'*

Again the man repeated his refusal. *' Impossible.'*

But, surveying her through the fast falling darkness, he then exclaimed that she was drenched.

*' Na—to let you go back, in that state, in such hound's weather—that I cannot do. If the Master is to lose his soprano, like his tenor, that would indeed be the end !—Come in and warm—come and dry yourself—and I will have you driven back. Why, your teeth are chattering ! Gott, reasonable people you are not, you artists—none of you ! Thee müssen Sie trinken, Fräulein.'*

Sarolta's teeth were indeed chattering, but not from cold. She slipped her dripping cloak from her, hesitated a moment terrified at her own daring ; then, as the man moved towards the little red room, shot by him up the stairs like a lapwing, deaf to the fierce yet subdued accents that called her back.

Mark lumbered after her ; but stopped halfway, flung up his hands with a despairing gesture, and slowly retraced his steps ! Sarolta had already turned the handle of the music-room.

Lothnar was no longer sitting in the dark, brooding. There was a shaded lamp on his writing-table, and he was pacing the room.

He turned his head and looked, at the sound of the opening door, and did not pause in his slow and measured tramping. He reached the end of the room ; came back in the same fashion ;

he passed, looked at her again—and went on. His glance swept her ; that was all.

Without pausing, the steps reached their allotted span. He turned. That he should go by again in this horrible nightmare manner was more than she could endure. She closed the door behind her, and went to meet him. The great fear for him overwhelmed the fear of him.

‘Master,’ she said—‘Master!’

She stretched out her hands. Just for a moment she thought that he would have walked on, across her, against her, over her. But as her hands touched his, he stopped abruptly and laughed. Then he caught those hands and dragged her towards the table.

‘*Ach, Sie sind es*—it is you!’

Almost from the first she had been *Du* to him. A sense of foreboding seized her—her soul turned to ice within her.

‘What do you want with me? How did you come here?’

He disengaged himself from her clinging fingers, tore the shade off the lamp, and then fixed her. A fierce and angry stare it was out of that pale face, from the cavernous setting of those eyes—eyes that had watched long hours in the dark, straining desperately after a lost vision—eyes that had known in their burning wakefulness no softening of tears.

If they had been mad eyes before, in their hour of triumph and illumination, they were mad indeed now with the soul’s savage rebellion against an immutable decree.

‘Let me look at this creature who breaks in upon my sacred solitude, who dares to intrude her puling presence upon me—upon me who have said that I would remain alone. Let me look at her, the bold one! It takes a woman to do these things. Vanity, thou art a woman! Well—what will you have of me? Speak, then, since here you are! What is it? Do I not say to you—speak!’

The words foamed upon his lips, breaking from the angry soreness of his heart as the torrent pent in some secret cavern breaks unexpectedly, raging down the mountain-side. Before she had time to answer him—before indeed she could bring her thoughts together out of the pain and terror that had seized her—he had flung himself from her; had taken one more stormy tramp about the room, and then, as if his strength had suddenly failed, let himself fall into his chair, covering his face with his hand. Convulsive sounds shook him. She did not know if it was sobbing or laughter; but she felt, all at once, the dry agony that lay waste in his soul;

and everything within her melted into a great yearning sorrow for his sorrow.

She faltered a step towards him, holding out her arms; then they dropped to her side: he was speaking. Instinct bade her let him speak out his bitterness. Perhaps then she might have a chance to speak in her turn—to tell him that all was not gone from him—that her love might yet bring comfort.

'To be alone—to be alone!' he was saying; 'that is not much to ask! Alone—and the darkness! They leave him to lie alone in the dark—why should not I be left—I who have died with him—who am dead too, Lothnar, who was for Art created, is dead! Kill Lothnar's Art, and what of his carcass . . . what of a dog's carcass? And was he not all my Art to me? What I conceived in my soul—that he gave out to the world. Without him I am a dumb man. And I loved him—the only creature on earth I loved . . . What is this?'

She had cast herself on her knees beside him; with frenzied hands she caught his. As he repulsed her, she clutched at his knees, and, as furiously he backed his chair from her, at his very feet.

'Master!—Master! Do not say so! Have you not still got me—your little Sarolta, your Singer? Oh, do not forget that I am Sarolta, whom you said you loved.'

'I?'

He pushed his chair still farther out of her reach; but this time quietly. He sat looking down upon her. The fury of grief, which was almost insanity, was gone from him. He seemed to have it cast off as a man may cast a mantle. There was complete self-control in that single cutting interrogation—'I?'

She cried out as if under a blow.

'You loved me—you did love me . . . You kissed me!'

'I kissed you,' said Lothnar slowly.

She looked up at him. His face was twisted with a dreadful smile; but he was calm.

A sick dizziness came upon her. She staggered to her feet, groping at the table for support. Was it possible that he had never said he loved her? She sought in the darkness of her mind for a memory, and could not find it.

Like straws in a whirlpool there floated about her the thoughts of many things that he had said and done; how he had looked upon her; how he had held her—kissed her.

'I will kiss you once, that love may flower on your lips—' but he had not kissed her that time . . . '*So eine Phædra wie Sie mir aus dem Herzen gesprungen!*'

'You said—you said—' Her voice trailed off. 'What am I to you, then?'

'What you are to me?—Nothing. What were you to me?—A reed that I fashioned into a pipe for my song. You were to me Iphigenia. Then I made of you Phædra. Now my Hippolytus is dead, and there will be no Phædra ever again. I want you no more. Ah, my Hippolytus!' The wildness began to gather anew into voice and eye. 'The music is mute, and for ever. It lies suffocated under that gravestone. You little fool! And I put you with my Hippolytus to live, and you saw that splendour of manhood and it said to you—nothing! Of what were you made, girl? I had to teach you myself. And now it is all wasted!'

Suddenly he clutched the arm of his chair. 'Out of my sight, he screamed, 'you who remind me of my lost creation, my still-born child.'

Sarolta crawled from the room. Like some dumb animal that has been hurt—some poor dog that has received blows from the hand upon which it has fawned—there was in her a blind desire to hide away with her pain. Nothing more.

She had an indistinct impression of Mark endeavouring to arrest her in the hall, and of breaking from him out into the night so fiercely that he had fallen back as if afraid. So the tortured thing may snap at the helping hand. Then, once in the open, she ran. She was alone, and the rain was beating against her face, and it was dark. Lothnar had called for that: to be alone, and in the dark—ah, how would she ever endure now to be otherwise? Alone, and in the dark! And the rain?—It felt against her cheeks like the tears that she would never be able to shed. She was scorched with shame.

She ran till she struck the trunk of a tree, saving her face instinctively with outflung hands. She sank at the foot of it, feeling that all strength had left her.

She knew that she was still somewhere in the Altschloss Park, not far perhaps from the spot where she had brought, on that golden morning, a heart of flaming rapture. Now the rain pattered on myriad leaves about her; once and again the wind would seize the trees wildly and rush away. All was black around her

and in her heart—O God, what blackness was there—blackness and scorching shame!

‘I?’

That single exclamation ‘I?’ had put her from him more utterly than all his wild words. Those she could have borne. Had he struck her in his angry sorrow, she would have found it in her to kiss the hand that struck. But that word, cutting like a knife, cold as ice, had shown her her place in his arrogant life too surely, too cruelly, to leave room for doubt. She had been his tool to work with, his instrument to play upon and be flung aside—a broken thing, no longer needed! He had taken her very soul, and, behold, it was no more to him than the dead leaf fluttering from the tree! And she—what had she not thought herself? His beloved, his chosen, his mate—his Singer! The height of her own presumption stared her in the face. ‘I—?’ I, Lothnar, greatest man of the century, Olympian genius . . . and Sarolta Vaneck, the obscure little singer, the reed he had fashioned, played upon, broken, and thrown away!

*Das Lied ist aus! . . .*

It was Friedhelm who used to sing *Die beiden Grenadiere*; she remembered the tragic passion and glory of his voice upon those very words . . . Dear Friedhelm! He had thought of her at his last breath. ‘*Hüte Dich, Sarolta!*’—What had he foreseen in that dying vision? O God!—was it this hour?

‘Oh, Friedhelm, let me die too!’

When she came back to a sense of actual life, she found that her face was all wet. Not from the rain alone, for her lips were salt; and she thought it must have been because of Friedhelm that she had cried. She was aching in every limb and unutterably weary. A moment it seemed that the easiest thing for her to do would be to lie on, lost in the woods, in the night, and let life ebb away from her. Then, some remnant of bruised pride, some instinct of virginal distaste, rebelled against the thought. . . . To be found dead in Lothnar’s Park!—the talk, the gossip, the scandal! . . . Rough unknown hands of men lifting that dead body of hers that only Lothnar’s arm had ever encircled! She shuddered from the vision. And now a new terror came upon her lest she should not have the strength to rise and get away. With trembling hands she shook out her wet skirts, straightened her sodden hat, dragged the soaked veil over her face. Her gloves

and her cloak she had forgotten in the hall ; she longed for them now as she thrust her chilled fingers as far as possible down the sleeves of her coat.

The gatekeeper stared at her, forgetting to grumble at this belated summons ; forgetting even to question in his loutish surprise. She passed from the light of the gate into the misty gloom of the high road. A slow grin began to spread over the man's face.

'That one lied to me and she has been punished—*tüchtig* !'

And, closing the gate with a clash, he returned to his pipe by the stove-corner, with a lively sense of justice fulfilled.

How Sarolta managed to walk the long way back to the Hegemannsche Haus can only be explained by the fact that there are times of transcendent agony of spirit when the body becomes a mere machine—docile, insentient.

She stood at length upon the familiar doorstep and, still mechanically, stretched out a numbed hand to the bell. It was then she felt that it might be difficult for her to get up the stairs to her bedroom. And all at once that piercing concentration of inner suffering became a blank, and she knew only a physical craving for the white bed, for the solitude in the dark.

The door was opened violently. Frau Hegemann's angular form became outlined against the inner lamplight. She had a black knitted shawl over her head and was holding it under her chin with a fleshless finger and thumb.

'Where do you come from ?'

'I beg your pardon !'

To herself Sarolta seemed to speak as from some distant place. So had Friedhelm spoken, the night he died.

'Where do you come from ?' The question was repeated so harshly that the girl's dim wits were struck into some comprehension. She answered like a hypnotised child :

'From the Altschloss.'

'So !' Frau Hegemann's voice rang with a malignant triumph. 'So, Fräulein ! I thought it even so. Did I not warn you that this is a respectable house ?—a house for respectable people ? You—what do you look like ? The water is dripping off you, and you have leaves in your hat. Ach—I ask no question ! Find for yourself another lodging. You can send for your luggage ; across my threshold you do not pass. I took you in when Frau

Reinhardt turned you out; but this is too much! To the Altschloss alone—and no shame on you! One so brazen!’

The words fell now with no more sense upon Sarolta’s mind than if the rain had turned to hailstones about her ears. Her eyes were fixed as if fascinated on those skeleton fingers. How could anyone expect anything of human softness from a hand like that!

Then she saw the door close against her, and gave a helpless cry—‘Oh, please let me in!’ She heard the click of the lock, and saw the wet panels facing her relentlessly.

She turned, dazed, and looked down the street. The lamp-light flickered on the shining pavement.

A droschke, laden with luggage, was crawling up the cobbled roadway. The coachman’s head was bent against the driving wind; the sorry jade stumbled and slipped at nearly every step. Sarolta saw, without seeing. She felt a dreadful ebbing away of all her strength. A thought came shooting across her brain. Better, after all, to have died in the woods!

A cry rang out—a cry upon her own name—mixed anguish and joy:

‘Sarolta! Sarolta!’

Some one had sprung from that droschke—some one extraordinarily active and in a very great hurry. And then Sarolta felt warm arms about her, kisses and tears upon her face; and then for a while she did not know anything any more.

## CHAPTER XX.

‘AND so, my dear,’ said Sady, ‘when they offered me an engagement for Michaela—Michaela!—I just said to Madame: “I’ll chuck the career and go off to Sarolta.” My goodness! every time I’ve been to “Carmen,” when that Michaela creature comes in I said to myself, “If that isn’t the very lowest part any poor singer has ever had to stoop to!” Madame said, “You’ve got to begin child.” And I said, “When you begin with Michaela, you stay out.”’

She broke off. She knew that look in Sarolta’s eyes: not one word of what she had said had reached her friend’s mind.

Miss Schreiber gave a little sigh of impatient sadness. It was now nearly a week since she had carried her fainting friend from the doorstep of the Hegemannsche Haus to the nearest hotel. She had clothed her in her own night-garments and put her to bed like



a child. She had further watched by her till the morning, though the doctor, promptly called in, had been reassuring, not to say contemptuous of mere feminine vapours :

*'Gelaufen im Nassen, erkältet, aufgerecht, nichts gegessen, wird nichts !—run about in the wet, caught cold, eaten no dinner—it is nothing.'* Such had been his verdict.

He left a prescription with ammonia in it, and advised a milk, or preferably (being a native) a beer posset. He was so far justified that next day Sarolta had neither fever nor any return of unconsciousness, and that she consented quite obediently to drink the hot milk that her friend insisted upon. But this very docility was part of a condition that frightened Sady far more than would a physical ailment. Sarolta lay as if the very spring of her life had run down.

She expressed no surprise at Sady's presence, no gratitude for her attentions, beyond a certain childlike abandonment to them. She could find no smile for the lively description of her friend's interview with Frau Hegemann, and of the complete manner in which she had routed that 'poisonous old lady.' (To Frau Hegemann's slanderous insinuations Sady discreetly made no other reference.)

Sady felt that, until she could get Sarolta to confide in her she could do nothing. 'She just seems to me,' she said to herself, 'to be bleeding to death from a hidden wound.'

But Sarolta kept her lips obstinately closed. Only once she said—

'There will be no more music in Frankheim ever again, and my career is broken.'

And Sady answered briskly—

'Nonsense. Geniuses always go on like that. That's well known. Think of Wagner—Think of Tennyson ! Did not Rossetti bury all his poems in his wife's grave . . . and dig them up afterwards ? You bet that Lothnar has got a copy of "Hippolytus" quite safe somewhere—and you'll be his Phædra all right !'

But Sarolta shuddered, hid her face in her pillow, and moaned, 'Never, never !' And when Sady clasped her and tried to comfort and coax the trouble from her, she trembled still more, and shrank so pitifully that Sady felt the hidden wound to be one of such agony that it could not bear even her touch.

Long hours Sarolta lay ; and long hours her little friend sat by her bed, thinking and wondering.

When she had received that mad scrawl from the wooden house, 'I am the most happy, or the most unhappy of women,' Sady had made up her mind that she was needed. It had taken her some time to break down Madame's opposition and disengage herself from an all but signed contract. But the American had her own code of friendship and of its duties, and her will was as firm as her temper was sweet. That is the kind of character that gets its own way through life. She had resolved to surprise Sarolta, being anxious, as she phrased it to herself, to walk right into things straight off.

She had driven first to the wooden house, where Rosa had expressed round-eyed surprise at her demand for Fräulein Vaneck.

'But the Fräulein has gone! Frau Hegemann has taken her away! Our lady here would not keep her! It was the day of the Herr's funeral.'

It seemed natural enough that the widow should yearn for solitude in her grief; yet Sady gathered something unpleasant from the maid's tone and mien. Witness of the subsequent scene on the steps of the boarding-house, she was, of course, by no means unprepared for Frau Hegemann's sinister innuendos on the succeeding day:

'You ask an explanation, Fräulein. I prefer to make no charges; but ask Frau Reinhardt why she refused to keep your friend under her roof, and see if she will answer you! There are things German ladies do not like to talk about.'

'You are a vile old woman!' cried Sady, a scarlet spot on each cheek. 'I am sure I don't want to know the horrible ideas that sprout in German ladies' minds!'

She had come off triumphant with the last word; discharged the account; swept all Sarolta's little belongings into her carriage, and royally tipped the panting maid. But she had food for disturbing thought and conjecture. That Sarolta had been at the Altschloss and had there received that deadly soul-wound, she knew by intuition. But what had Lothnar done to her friend? she asked herself. What had passed between them? She could not conceive that the composer, in his strenuous mental life, should ever have had a thought of returning the feeling which the innocent child-singer had lavished upon him; yet the American had a knowledge of men and things beyond her years, and she had always thought Sarolta lovely and gifted above the rest of the world. Perhaps he had played with her adoration, thought Sady, flushing

in secret anger—and then had refused to see her, perhaps. Yet that hardly seemed enough. No, she knew that there must be more—something far more deeply affecting all the girl's outlook on life. Had she herself not had dire forebodings ?

How Sarolta had shuddered at the very name of Phædra ! How she had shrunk from her touch—how she had moaned !

Partial elucidation came when Herr Webel returned to Frankheim as unexpectedly as he had left. Once more the whole town buzzed with rumour and excitement. Herr Webel had not returned alone ; he had brought one Carolus Peters with him—a Dutchman—who had been last season's success at Covent Garden in the rôles of Siegfried and Tristan.

The news spread, in spite of all efforts at secrecy, that the orchestra had actually been called together for rehearsal, and that the new tenor had made a private trial of his voice in the theatre.

Then all Frankheim learned that Herr Webel had been to the Hegemannsche Haus to look for Fräulein Vaneck ; and that, when its mistress had disclaimed ostentatiously all connexion with the young lady, the conductor had stolidly cursed her.

Herr Webel was, however, his usual concentrated and business-like self when Sady found him in her little sitting-room. He demanded Sarolta.

'Sarolta is ill.'

'*Ach, was !*' said he—'a cold ?' He tapped his throat under his beard. His round eyes protruded, and a threatening growl came into his tones : it was as though he forbade her to admit such a catastrophe.

'Oh, no—it's not a cold. It's—she's in bed.'

'Have you a doctor ?'

'No—she's not ill enough for that. Just dreadfully nervous and upset.'

The man drew a sibilant breath of relief.

'*Ach so ! Ja, natürlich !* Tell her I want to speak to her.'

'But she's in bed.'

'She will get up.'

'Herr Webel—'

'*Es pressiert, Fräulein.*'

'I will go,' said the girl doubtfully, 'and tell her—'

'Tell her I want her to sing, in three days' time.'

'Good heavens !'

'In "Iphigenia," for Dr. Lothnar. Tell her—for Dr. Lothnar.'

'I don't suppose for a moment,' said Sady from the door, 'that she will be able to crawl out of bed.'

'Tell her I can't wait long.'

Sady did not know whether she was more amused or angry, as she went on her errand. But, at her very first words, the Teuton's self-sufficient certainty stood justified. A light leapt into Sarolta's far-away eyes, colour into her cheeks. She, whom her friend had thought sometimes so exhausted and weary that she could never catch on to life again, bounded from her pillows with the movements of a healthy child.

'Quick, Sady, quick! Oh, dear, couldn't you do my hair while I put on my stockings? Just a plait and two hairpins, anyway. Oh, any dress!—Sady, Sady!' She only paused once in her frenzied haste, to catch at her friend's hands. 'Did he say Dr. Lothnar had sent him—for me?—for me? Oh, Sady—oh, you don't know what it means!'

'He said it was for Dr. Lothnar,' said Sady slowly.

She did not exactly know why, but this joy of her friend seemed more piteous than her sorrow.

As Sarolta rushed in, Herr Webel regarded her with a German disfavour of dishevelled locks and excited womanhood. Frau Bertha, with her symmetrical waves of hair, her trim aproned figure—Frau Bertha, who had cooked so well for her husband while he lived, and smoothed the sheet so tidily over him when he died—that was his ideal!

'Please, Fräulein, be seated,' he said—Sady thought with the air of a dentist addressing a nervous patient.

The eager question died unspoken on Sarolta's lips. Arrested in her headlong advance, she sat meekly as she was bidden, twisting her hands together, her colour fluctuating. She went quite white before Herr Webel had finished the exposition of his errand.

The light died out of her face as if some inner flame had been extinguished—Lothnar had not sent for her! Herr Webel was no ambassador from the Altschloss. It was something very different indeed. It was this: The Master's friends were so alarmed by his continued apathy that, in the hope of rousing him from it, a plan had been formed among them—a singular, an almost desperate plan—in the hopes of surprising him back into the love of his own work again; in other words, into a zest for life once more.

To this end it was proposed to give a performance of 'Iphigenia' in the little disused theatre of the Altschloss, and to lure Lothnar to be present at the last moment. A tenor had been found for Achilles—one whose voice could be compared to Friedhelm's.

'The same it is not,' said Webel. He was talking solemnly to the two girls, almost as if he liked to rehearse out loud the many arguments he had addressed to himself in support of his scheme. 'Two voices are never the same. But it is a good voice. And we will not have too much light on the scene. In his armour and helmet, and the rest, he will pass. He is a stout fellow. Na—even if he makes the Master angry, that will be something. Then the Master will say perhaps to me: "You fool to bring me such an one! Why, in Frankheim alone I could have picked a better." And perhaps he will try and put his word to the proof. Na—at any rate we will have shown him the Achilles is not everything in his great work—I, with my orchestra, and the rest of his picked ones: you, too, Fräulein—we will show him that all is not Achilles. Will there not be his own Agamemnon, his own Clytemnestra—his own Iphigenia?'

He paused.

*'Singen müssen Sie, Fräulein.'*

Sarolta's white face became once more suffused with crimson.

'I will sing.' Defiance was in that cry—defiance of her own weakness, perhaps, or defiance of Fate. The man bent his brows.

'You can sing? Your friend says you've been ill.'

Sarolta flung her angry glance towards Sady; then, without a word, sprang to her feet and ran to the piano. She struck a few chords and her voice rang out. In her extremity she did not hesitate in her choice—it was Phædra's first song upon which she ventured—a wail, high-pitched and rising ever higher, as the voice of a lamenting woman will rise, till it seems as if it must break upon its own height of misery. Only perhaps Lothnar's art and Sarolta's voice could have ventured upon such a test of sound.

The orchestral accompaniment to this was a mysterious current of rich yet low sounds; it somehow conveyed an impression as of dark and sullen waters under a dark sky, between which circled the desperate flight of a white bird fighting against the wind. Even now, though her fingers only sketched a note or two of supporting accompaniment, the effect was extraordinary.

Webel drew a long breath.

*'Na, es war doch grossartig! A pity for the "Hippolytus,"*

he muttered in his beard. Then abruptly : ' It still goes, Fräulein Sarolta,' he said, and rose from his seat. ' With the voice there is nothing amiss. You will be told the time of rehearsals.'

He gave two jerky bows, took up his hat, and departed without another word.

Sarolta remained standing by the piano, staring straight before her. It was the look her friend dreaded.

' Oh, darling ! ' cried the little American, moved, she knew not why, almost to tears. ' Your voice is divine ; but it's just heart-breaking—Sarolta, I don't think you're fit to sing.'

Sarolta came back to the things about her with a fierce start. She put Sady's arm away from her, and said slowly, between her teeth :

' Don't you understand it's life or death to me ! '

Sady looked at the set face and the unyouthful strain in the eyes, thoughtfully and in silence.

' Of course you'll sing, honey,' she said at last, in soothing everyday tones. ' Better than ever, too. I've never heard you in such voice.'

But that very afternoon she sent a telegram to Sir John Holdfast. It was couched in these words :

' Your chance at last. Don't stop for luncheon.—SADY.'

Though the tone of this message was jocose, the girl's heart was heavy with foreboding as she handed it over to the official.

*(To be concluded.)*

## AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.



WITH this number of the Magazine is given the fifth of a series of 'Examination Papers' on the works of famous authors, being Mr. Andrew Lang's questions on Sir Walter Scott. For the best set of answers to this paper the Editor offers a prize of Two Guineas. The name of the Prizewinner will be announced in the June number of the Magazine, together with the correct answers to the questions.

### PAPER IV.

On the Works of Charles Dickens.

By the RIGHT HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL.

1. Who carried what peculiarity into Devonshire? *Answer* : Stryver : his delicacy. ('*Tale of Two Cities.*')
2. Who had been a little unfortunate in taking cold at what ceremony? *Answer* : Mrs. Bishop at a Confirmation. ('*Little Dorrit.*')
3. Who did not go to church on Christmas morning with the old couple and the pewful of children? *Answer* : Aunt George and Uncle George. ('*Sketches by Boz.*')
4. 'What the Italians call——' Complete the sentence. *Answer* : Regularly flummoxed. ('*Pickwick Papers.*')
5. What did the Englishman say who learnt French and thought it so like English? *Answer* : Bob swore. ('*David Copperfield.*')
6. What feminine idiosyncrasy 'is fruitful hot water for all parties'? *Answer* : What gentlemen like, the ladies don't. ('*Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings.*')
7. Who lived at Taunton Vale? *Answer* : The Hawkinses. ('*Nicholas Nickleby.*')
8. Whom would the prospect of finding anybody out in anything have kept awake under the influence of henbane? *Answer* : Miggs. ('*Barnaby Rudge.*')
9. What ultimately became of the gentleman who laboured under an erroneous view of the locality of his stomach? *Answer* : He was ultimately buried at Brixton. ('*Martin Chuzzlewit.*')
10. Who made a spectral attempt at drollery, and in what coloured spectacles? *Answer* : Mr. Peter Magnus. Blue and green. ('*Pickwick Papers.*')
11. At what date was aptitude for business to be rewarded with a bowl of punch? *Answer* : One of these days. ('*Old Curiosity Shop.*')
12. Who, in ordering dinner, expressly barred slugs? *Answer* : Bart Smallweed. ('*Bleak House.*')



No competitor this time was successful in answering all the questions on the works of Charles Dickens. Several astute persons noticed in No. 7 that 'Taunton Vale' is not the same as 'The Vale of Taunton' where Mr. Vholes' father lived: but only one realised in No. 10 that both blue and green spectacles are assigned to Mr. Peter Magnus. 'Smallweed' alone is not sufficient answer to No. 12, but 'Young Smallweed' counted as right.

The prize was divided between Miss M. Beale, 16 Stafford Road, Croydon, and P. E. Herrick, Esq., 38 Westbourne Road, Forest Hill, S.E., to each of whom a cheque for one guinea has been sent.

## PAPER V.

On the Works of Sir Walter Scott.

By ANDREW LANG.

1. Where did Scott reveal beyond doubt the secret of his authorship?
2. (a) What were the Christian name and personal peculiarities of the Bargeist?  
(b) Whence did Scott obtain the story in which the Bargeist appears?
3. 'That means she does not forgive him at all.' Whose pious sentiment provoked this criticism, from whom?
4. 'Like soor yill in simmer.' With whose chance of moral and social amendment was this comparison made, by whom?
5. What sinister Latin phrase is used by two characters in one book?
6. 'He got up wi' a bang and gar'd them a' look about them.' Who was he?  
In what novels does he occur?
7. (a) Mention three characters drawn by Scott from his own at different ages.  
(b) In what character does he draw from his wife?
8. 'Generous, noble, but deeply mistaken man.' What lady thus addressed her admirer?
9. Who expressed, in prose, a sentiment borrowed by Tennyson, in what poem?
10. What lady had never heard of Romeo and Juliet until the play was read aloud to her, by whom?
11. What awkward phrase did who make use of in apology for having shinned a young lady?
12. (a) 'They perfumed their oriental domes.' Who did this? (b) Can you suggest an emendation of the text?

Competitors must observe the following rules:

1. Each question must be answered in not more than six words, except Nos. 6 and 11, for each of which not more than nine and eleven words respectively are allowed.
2. All replies must be sent in on the printed and perforated form supplied with the Magazine. This form should be folded and sealed, and must be in the hands of the Editor not later than the first post on Saturday, May 6, 1911.
3. No correspondence can be undertaken by the Editor, whose decision is final.

